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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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"The Age of Indiscretion" By Stephen

FEB. 9, 1929

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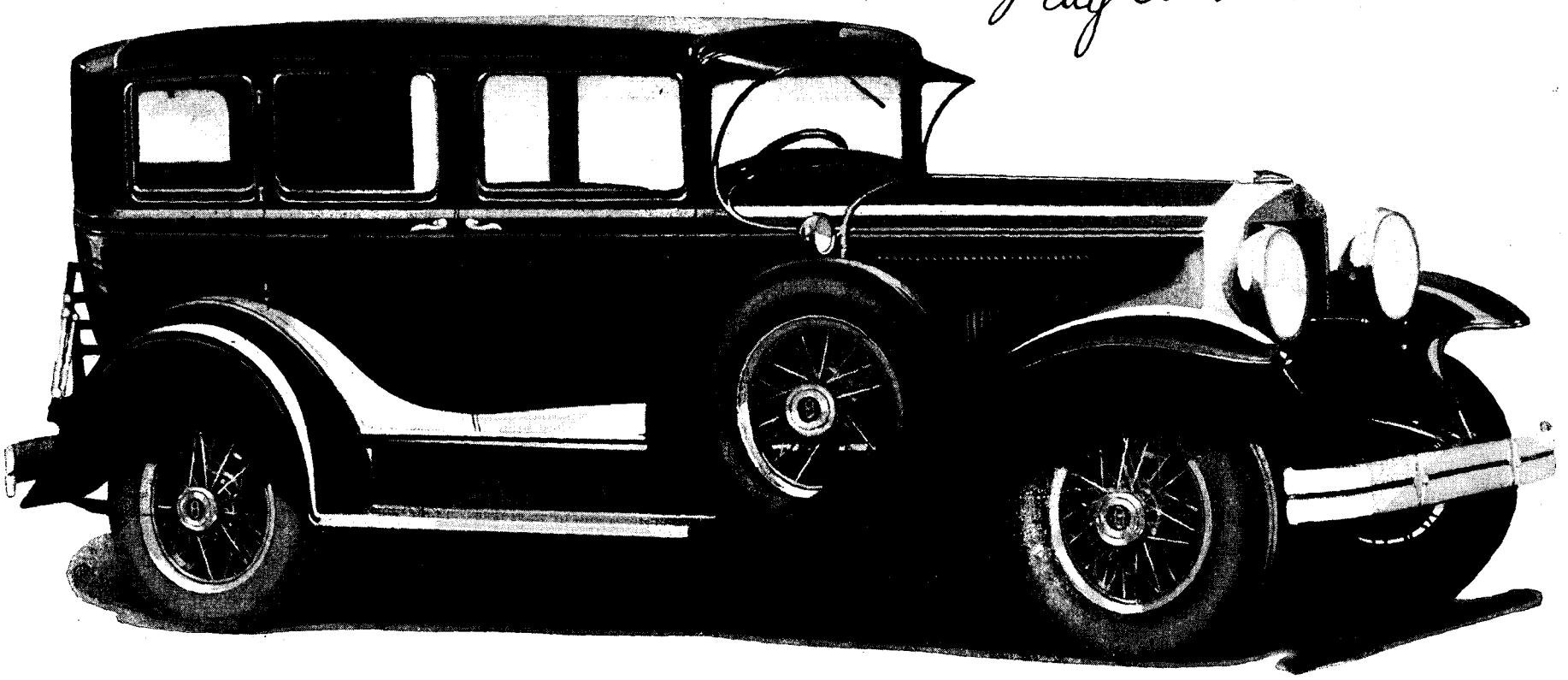

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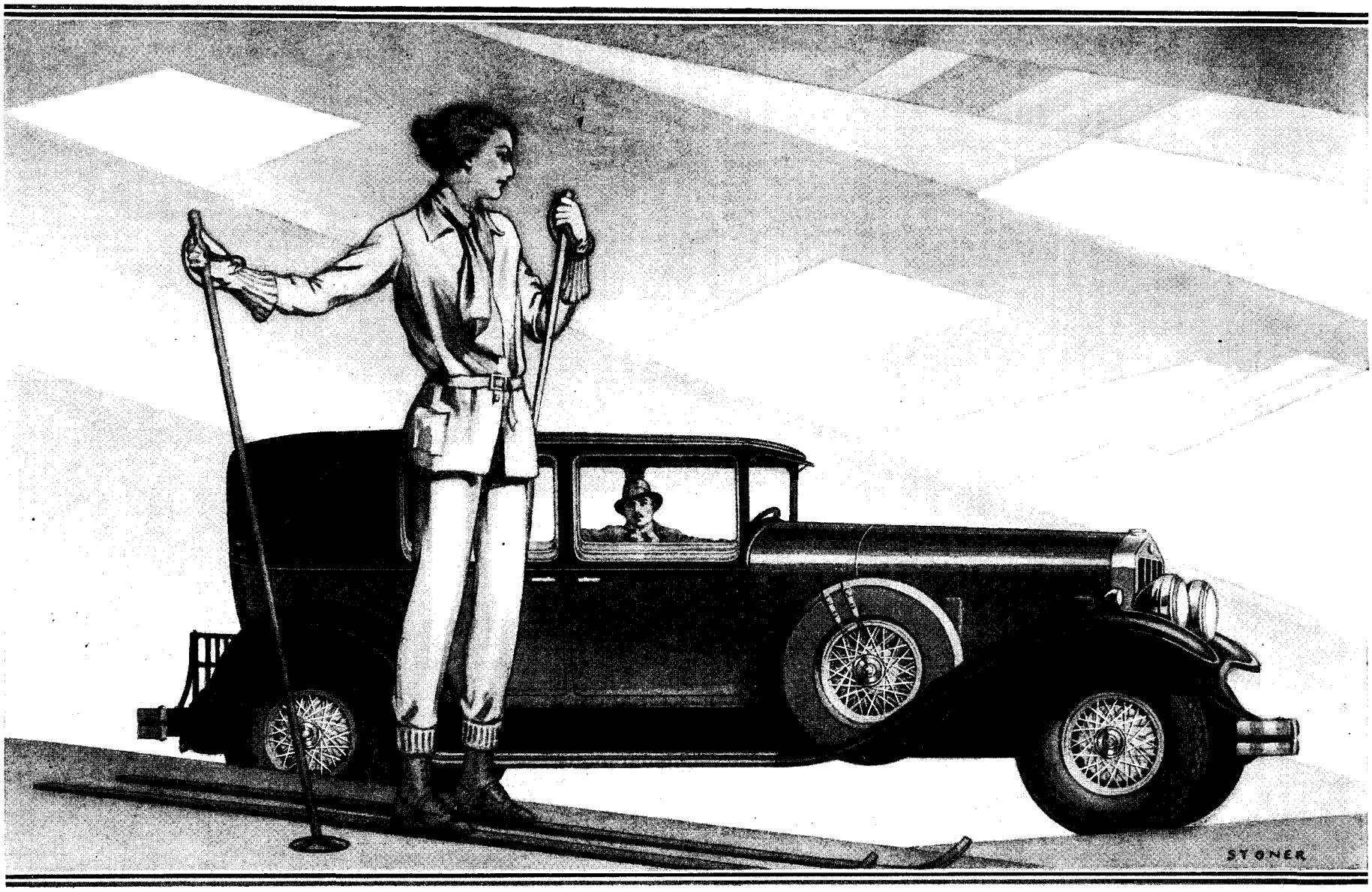

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The Age of Indiscretion

By Stephen Morehouse Avery

If old lovers had more dignity and young lovers had better sense, this delightful comedy would never have been written

"THE trouble with parents and guardians," said Mr. Kirby Roberts as he closed a ponderous volume called Modes and Manners with the Great Victorians, "is their lack of dignity. They have no sense of code. Think of Gladstone, or Disraeli, or even Bismarck running around the world having love affairs in their old age. They had something better to do. They were men and gentlemen."

Mr. Kirby Roberts rose with considerable dignity to considerable height, smoothed his maroon-brocaded dressing-gown, and shook his beautifully brushed, distinguished head sagely and sadly. "And then think of Uncle George," he concluded, as if nothing in the way of contrast could be more complete.

It was all a matter of very real concern to Mr. Roberts; for, although it was absurd for a man mature in mind, body and experience to be burdened with a guardian at all, Uncle George was nevertheless his legal guardian until next November, when he himself would be twenty-one. And if one must have a guardian, even technically, one might at least expect him to provide an example of conduct, to guide, instruct, and restrain in those matters of decency and decorum proper to a gentleman. Did Uncle George do that? On the contrary, all the guiding, instructing and restraint exercised since this expedition to Europe to improve Mr. Roberts' cultural background had begun, this fruitless frittering of time on a gaudy, frivolous continent, had been exercised by Mr. Roberts himself. "It is sad," he commented, "when a man does not acknowledge the obligation and feel the propriety of his years."

HE GAZED thoughtfully from the front window of their suite in the dignified Hotel Grand. Uncle George had preferred the Carleton, where there seemed to be more what he called "zip," but Mr. Roberts had for once prevailed. Down beyond the ordered lawn, solemn with its formal walks and spaced palms, was the Bay of Cannes, and Mr. Roberts sniffed at that myth about the blue Mediterranean. Blue? Well, if one cared to be romantic, yes. Of course all seas were at times more or less blue. But Mr. Roberts was thinking of the crashed ideal of his Uncle George and not about the imaginary colors of seas.

Off the pier of the *Cercle Nautique* a trim white steam yacht was anchored, and Mr. Kirby Roberts noticed that yacht. In fact he'd noticed her several times before during their wanderings, at Corfu, at Agadir, and had wondered at the coincidence. This time he noticed something more; for a young lady in an apple-green, one-piece bathing suit was swimming from the deck of that yacht, diving like a bird, running up the ladder and diving again. At least Mr. Roberts supposed she was a young lady, although she might not be a lady and she might be forty. Old women were doing all sorts of juvenile tricks these days. Some of them still danced.

He went into his own room and brought back his very powerful marine glasses to determine the point of the lady's age and after several minutes' inspection he had determined not only that, but several other points. The lady was indeed fairly young, perhaps nineteen. She was also, although her white bathing cap concealed her hair, which might after all be bobbed, she was also personable. He supposed Uncle George would have called her a "wow," or something equally zoölogical and undignified.

It was of even greater interest to Mr. Roberts that the reasonably young and personable lady was apparently in some distress. Each time she gained the deck she paused, buried her face in her arms, and seemed to shake with sobs. She dived, swam, climbed, sobbed and dived again, interminably and appealingly.

"Arthur," suggested Mr. Roberts to his uncle's man, "see if you can find my swimming suit. I think it's quite warm enough for a dip."

There was a seaplane landing float at the end of the pier and he made his efficient if not spectacular plunge from there. He swam leisurely and meditatively toward Africa, paying no attention whatever to such intervening objects as yachts. He demonstrated his indifference to yachts by swimming far beyond one of them and approaching it only casually on his return, not from Africa precisely but at least impressively from the south.

Once or twice he rested, granting a critical glance inland to the, in his personal opinion, somewhat overdone, rococo beauty of Cannes, the purple loom of the Esterel headland, the blunt square tower dominating the Old Town, half-hidden villas studding the green background of Alpes-Maritimes foot-

Mr. Roberts lost his hold on the ladder and plunged them both into the cold water of reality, otherwise the Bay of Cannes

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hills, the white and bright line of hotels and smart shops on the Croisette, pinned at one end by the great architectural calamity known as the Municipal Casino. Uncle George, no doubt, would be able to describe all this later as fluently as a guide, although he would have actually observed no more than the mural decorations of the Majestic Bar and a seascape glimpsed now and then through the windows of the Baccara Room.

THESE reflections upon his guardian's insincerity and frivolity, however, were terminated by his own proximity to that yacht and his own obligations in the matter of young ladies in distress. He was aware that the dive, climb, sob, dive process was still continuing and, in fact, quite before he was, in a sense, ready, a white-capped little head and a button-round face made up chiefly of, as he decided, lilac-colored eyes, bobbed up out of the depths right in front of his nose. "Oh!" said the face. "Oh!" said the face again. "Please excuse me for getting in your way."

"But, my dear lady," said Mr. Roberts, treading water, "you're not in my way at all." His dignity was equal to that test too. "In fact I was coming, if you will permit me, to offer you possible assistance. You seemed to be in distress."

"Distress?" The very and entirely personable young lady—for one dubious instant he had feared she might not be sufficiently mature in mind, body and experience to be a—a worthy object of a man of the world's chivalrous ministrations—did a few dolphin plunges and an expert roll. "Distress? I'm more at home in water than on land. Oh, you mean the tears."

"Yes, I mean the tears." He followed her up the boarding ladder to that yacht's deck. "You see, the Mediterranean is salty enough as it is," he said and was secretly pleased with the remark. A gentleman should have the right word at the proper moment. Secretly he was also pleased with the young lady in distress about whose slender maturity he was now quite reassured. "You'll pardon my addressing you without an introduction, I hope. I'm Mr. Kirby Roberts as a matter of fact."

"Oh, really! I'm Miss Scripps," she said and offered him a cane deck chair with a pretty dignity. "Do you know, something urges me to confide in you, Mr. Roberts. I feel as though we'd known each other for a long time. Don't you? Isn't it a curious fate that we should happen to meet like that—just when I most needed help, or at least a confidant? Do you believe in fate, Mr. Roberts?"

Mr. Roberts admitted his fatalism. The truth was that he hardly knew what he was talking about because of a sort of apple-green dizziness which was upon him. The light beach robe which Miss Scripps had thrown over her slip of a bathing suit did not amount to much and the sun-filled hair which tumbled upon her shoulders when she pulled off her bathing cap amounted to quite a bit. "Yes, one realizes as he gets older," said Mr. Roberts, "that what will be will be."

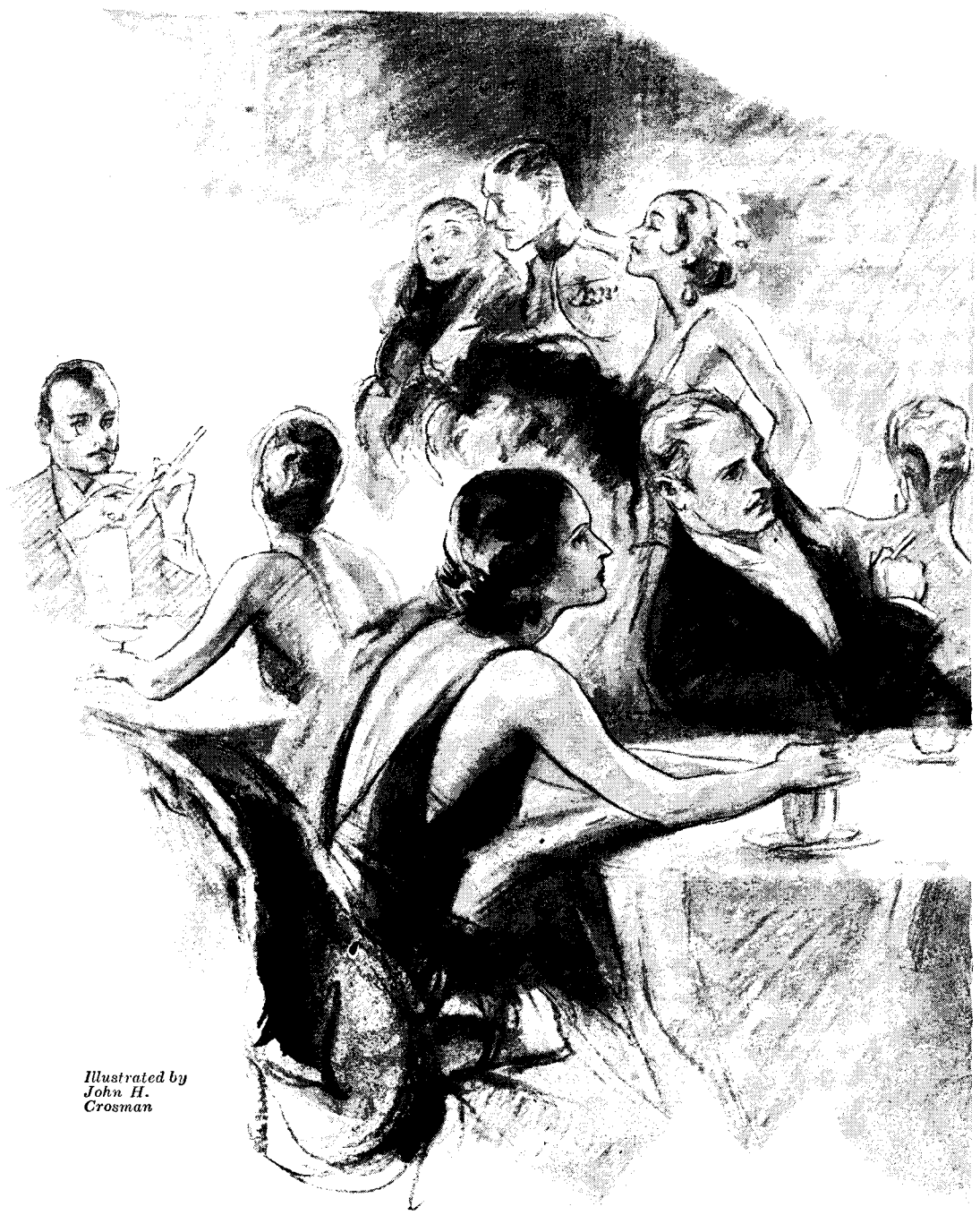
"That's so true," agreed Miss Scripps. Perhaps she wasn't as calm as she looked either; for Mr. Roberts' oarsman's shoulders and firm straight features might be calculated to have an effect upon a young lady. "Of course," she went on, "you must not think I'm quite as old as I look, Mr. Roberts. I'm so often taken for twenty-two or three. I'm really nineteen. I think experience, and especially unhappy experience, inevitably leaves its mark. But I hate people with just empty pretty faces. Don't you? You seem cold, Mr. Roberts. Perhaps you'd like a stimulant."

While she sent a sailor for the steward, Mr. Roberts cursed his tendency to shiver when he came out of the water. Shivering was a strain upon one's dignity and he accepted a neat whisky from an impudently smirking steward rather gladly.

"I only hope," he then said solemnly, "that I can in some manner lighten the burden of your unhappy experience, Miss Scripps."

The lilac-colored eyes gleamed with new tears. "If I only —had someone to confide in," she said. "Someone who would sympathize and not condemn. You see, Mr. Roberts, it's about my—mother." She covered her face, and Mr. Roberts feared for the moment that she could only recover her poise by more diving. But she fought it out bravely alone. "It's so terrible, Mr. Roberts, to have a mother whom you love but of whom you can't approve. Do you realize, Mr. Roberts," —Miss Scripps' pretty white throat was full of husky tragic throbs —"that this is not even our yacht?"

Mr. Roberts hadn't realized it but he was more interested in what she'd said about mothers. He leaned forward intently. "Miss Scripps, I know I can help you. I feel for you about your mother. I know exactly what you mean. I shall give you confidence and help and perhaps—perhaps you also can strengthen me. I too"—his gaze fell in the shame of admission—"I too—have an Uncle George—"



Illustrated by John H. Crosman

MISS SCRIPPS' nice fingers touched his bare arm with impulsive sympathy. "We must be friends. At least I hope your Uncle George does not go on yacht parties and make love right and left before your very eyes. That's what the men on this yacht do. Even Mr. Dixon, who owns it. And not only the men on board but any old man in any old port. And the ladies of the party, even my dear mother at her time of life, permits it. She not only permits it, but, I regret to say, she apparently enjoys it. It's not, of course, that I do not believe in love. I think that love"—the purple of the Esterel deepened the lilac tints of Miss Scripps' eyes and Nature with celestial sledges rang an anvil chorus in Mr. Roberts' breast—"I think that love," continued Miss Scripps, "must be the most wonderful thing in the world."

"Yes," agreed Mr. Roberts thickly, "it is. But not for mothers and guardians. Perhaps together we can lead them to understand that. Shall we try? Will you shake hands on that, Miss Scripps?"

By the time Mr. Roberts stood at the bottom of the boarding ladder, however, bowing adieu to his collaborator in reform, whose hair as she leaned at the rail seemed to have snagged most of the remaining overdone sunlight, it occurred to him that a mere handshake was almost too casual a gesture with which to seal so important a compact. She had listened to his account of Uncle George's shortcomings as a sister might and she had held back nothing with regard to her mother. It would seem more mature in a way if they exchanged an embrace of some sort. "I think, Miss Scripps," he suggested, "that this purpose of ours would remain more permanently in our minds if we sealed it with a kiss."

Miss Scripps apparently had something of the same idea; for it did not take her very long to get down that ladder and put up her serious little button of a face. Mr. Roberts had in mind nothing more than a formal touching of lips and he could never afterward understand just where and how his intention became confused. He had had no idea of kissing either Miss Scripps' right eye or her left ear and who knows what might have happened if he hadn't lost his hold on the ladder and plunged them both into the cold water of reality, otherwise the Bay of Cannes. But Mr. Roberts recovered himself, bowed while he trod water, and struck out for the pier. His dignity was equal to much more than that.

In justice to Uncle George it should be said that Mr. Roberts' poor opinion of him was not quite a unanimous verdict. Several days later as he waited, dressed for evening, in the sitting-room of their suite for the return of his nephew, ward, heir and severest critic, several points might be mentioned. He carried his forty-nine years, if not with the dignity of the "Great Victorians," at least with an iron-gray distinction which impressed a few men and affected an occasional lady. His resemblance to Mr. William Faversham had been noted without causing either of them anguish. His record in the Great War was bloody and proud. He had converted an inherited quarter into a complete and comfortable million. His bachelorhood, in name only alas, was the result of a true romance faithful to its bereaved end. There were pleasant deep lines in his face and a lurking gray twinkle in his eye which not everybody understood.

Perhaps Mr. Roberts himself didn't always understand that twinkle. He put it down to Uncle George's innate frivolity, but nevertheless at moments it made him uncomfortable. For example, when he returned tousled and puffing from his what had come to be customary dip in the Bay of Cannes, his guardian said flippantly, "Well, Kirby, old boy, did you catch any mermaids?"

In other words he could never be sure exactly how much Uncle George knew or precisely what he meant to imply, except that it was certain to be silly and undignified.

"I ENJOYED a bit of healthy male exercise, if that's what you mean," he said, glancing suspiciously at the window sill where the marine glasses remained reassuringly as he had left them. "I dare say, sir, that all the mermaids at Cannes had been lured to the Ambassadeurs by the hope of danc-

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"Look, Marion—what beautiful youth. There is no poem or picture of youth like youth itself"

ing a tango with my distinguished guardian."

Uncle George laughed. "Perhaps," he said. "I'm pretty hot stuff at it."

"HOT stuff!" Mr. Roberts shuddered at Uncle George's vulgarisms. What could be hoped for from a man who was "hot stuff" and had a predilection for "wows"? From the doorway into his own room he remarked: "Are you aware, sir, that the Phocians who settled on this coast something over four thousand years ago had a rhythmical music quite as primitive as jazz and danced very expertly to it? Of course some men," he added, "some men have advanced a bit beyond those things in the brief interval."

"I'm afraid you are too optimistic for the human race, Kirby," replied Uncle George.

"Whatever that means," muttered Mr. Roberts, banging the door. In response to his uncle's call, however, he opened it again.

"By the way, Kirby," said his guardian, "you got me so excited about Phocian jazz that I forgot to tell you we're dining at the Ambassadeurs this evening. It's a gala night but you need not look at the entertainment. I want to talk to you about something important and we can do that over cocktails before we join the ladies."

Mr. Roberts paused. Ladies? He was very dubious about Uncle George's ladies. "I shall be glad," he said, "very glad, sir, to talk to you for a change about something important. Perhaps I'll leave the ladies to you. I've some reading to do."

"No," said Uncle George—that confounded glint of insincerity in his eye, "that won't do. I especially want you to meet these ladies, a mother and her daughter. The daughter, I hear, is serious-minded enough for you and the mother's childish prattle amuses imbeciles like me."

They had cocktails at the Majestic Bar, which is a matter of colorful liqueurs, dark wood paneling and deep comfortable chairs. Their martinis were pleasantly cold and yellow. The potato chips were crisp. They were rather a handsome pair, for one day, provided that things happen to Mr. Roberts which in due course happen to most men, he would resemble Mr. Faversham himself, or Mr. Faversham's favorite photograph. Perhaps he would have an edge on Mr. Faversham in the matter of dignity. "This matter of importance, sir?" he suggested hopefully.

Uncle George sat up straight. He seemed to his nephew, who had never seen him so under any circumstances before, to be almost ill at ease. "Well, you see, Kirby, old boy," he began, paused, and then plunged on—"you see, this business of getting married is a very important matter. In fact, I'm embarrassed to do so but I think it only fair to discuss it with you."

"You needn't be embarrassed, Uncle George." Mr. Roberts sat forward himself. It was a subject which he recognized as both important and interesting and he was pleasantly surprised that his guardian was considering his future sufficiently to bring it up for discussion. "Why should you be embarrassed, sir?" he continued. "The truth is I was going to inquire of you about certain phases of the problem myself. For instance, Uncle George, just how much is my income and do you consider it sufficient for a couple to begin with? Simple, of course. The matter of children could be decided later, I suppose."

MR. ROBERTS was glad to see that Uncle George was relaxed and at ease again, although the bitter of his cocktail had evidently made his face look for the moment a trifle drawn. Uncle George was sunk—how "sunk" Mr. Roberts would never guess—back into his comfortable chair again. He murmured some figure or other. "I'm really surprised to find you so interested, Kirby. What I wanted specifically to find out was your view as to older men—well, I might even say old men—marrying—"

Mr. Roberts met that with a gesture of broad disdain. "Oh, of course that," he said. "You hear of it now and then, some old idiot who has lost his sense of propriety allowing an equally light-minded woman to fool him out of his money."

"You think it would be impossible for the light-minded woman to love the old idiot perhaps?"

Mr. Roberts felt that his guardian was indulging in obscurities again. In a way, it was rather surprising, he thought, that Uncle George himself had not become irresponsibly entangled in some belated attachment. It would be no worse than he expected of Uncle George. "I'm afraid I agree with Mussolini," he said, "as quoted to the effect that for a man, a real man, the deadline for love should be forty. Thirty-eight might be better but forty will do. By the way, Uncle George, how old are you now?"

"Nine years beyond the deadline," replied his uncle with some acidity. "Let's talk about something else."

"Well, if you'll permit, I'd like to talk to you about something which has concerned me greatly—your running around dancing and going to night clubs with all these miscellaneous women—Uncle George, it isn't dignified. Oh, I don't mind this once, this evening, I mean. I'll try to be polite to your friends. But lately you seem to be getting worse, sir."

THE gray gleam was once more in the corner of Uncle George's eye. "To be honest, Kirby," he said, "I expect you're right. You see, the rôle of your guardian is almost too much for me. I think someone like Mr. Pilley would be perhaps more satisfactory."

Mr. Roberts, now that he'd taken the plunge, expanded his theme with the enthusiasm of a true reformer. "Of course, I don't presume to criticize, Uncle George. You're no worse than most of the older people. There's very little dignity anywhere. I've met a young lady here, in fact inadvertently I've seen her frequently and tried to relieve her distress. Her mother, it seems—they're on board a yacht—has been pursued from one port to another by some blackguardly old Romeo whose conception of life is a phantasmagoria of tea dancing, baccara, cocktail bars, night clubs and insipid love-making. The poor young lady feels disgraced, and quite rightly, with her father's memory only eight years old and her mother acting like a chorus girl on the loose. Yet what can one do for her? What would you suggest, sir?"

Uncle George sighed. "I'd suggest that all the blackguardly old Romeos go home to America and realize that they are only fit to be bank presidents and play eighteen-handicap golf."

At the entrance to the Ambassadeurs, the fashionable restaurant which forms so important a part of the Municipal Casino and its gay life, their guests awaited them, seated upon a small lounge in the waiting-room which was already a center of attention. Uncle George felt rather obviously proud as he led his nephew, ward and severest critic forward to be introduced. Mr. Roberts met an undoubtedly beautiful lady who had tightly coiffed brown hair and black-lashed, cobalt-blue eyes which had laughed at and wept over things of which Mr. Roberts had never dreamed. And then in a white-bodiced Poiret robe de style which left much to a stimulated imagination and made one's arms feel dangling and (*Continued on page 34*)

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"The Gobble-uns 'll Git You"

By

Old Pop Jacob of York County, Pennsylvania, was chagrined but not amazed when, one sundown, he discovered that his best Guernsey wouldn't milk. Pop Jacob knew exactly what had happened. The cow had been hexed—by one of his enemies of course.

He hurried to Mom Gartenweiler, the pow-wow woman up Pigeon Hills, and she spoke the words and made the passes—and told Pop Jacob to wait a day. Next evening the Guernsey let down. The hex was off her. And Pop Jacob gave Mom Gartenweiler a sheep for pay.

Collier's sent Mr. White into the Pennsylvania Dutch counties to talk to the bewitched and the bewitching and here is the result.

IT WAS a dark, dark night. A fine one, I thought, for a nice murder, and, as we blimped along through the ghostly hollows of Pennsylvania's Pigeon Hills, I couldn't help wondering if it hadn't been on such a night as this, only a week before, that Rehmeyer had been beaten to death with chunks of stovewood.

And why? Witchcraft!

Merely because an alleged pow-wower said it was necessary to clip the old man's back hair and bury some of it in a hole eight feet deep back of Hess' barn, in order to release the Hess household from the curse of a black magic, the harmless old farmer had been brutally killed.

It was all very gruesome; and yet here I was on my way to a meeting with one of the mysterious cult; a pow-wower, a man who could shackle witches, lay ghosts, dispel charms, and cure by the spoken word or the laying-on of hands.

The farther we drove the darker it got, and the rougher my personal gooseflesh, until finally, when I was least expecting to see one, we came suddenly to a house.

It was a very gloomy-looking house, and it was a cold night too. But none the less when we stepped up on the porch three shadowy figures arose and greeted us—with grunts.

"Is Rudolph here?"

"Uh-huh. Go in," answered the shadows. They were Rudolph's sons.

We pushed the door open and instantly the aspect of the whole world was changed. Outside it might be that the air was charged with witchcraft and was heavy with the odor of gore and goblins.

But inside there was plenty of light, plenty of laughter and plenty of gay music coming in direct from one of the civilized jazz palaces of New York. A couple of healthy, happy children were playing at a table, and as we entered we were greeted by a huge, gray-headed old man with a pleasant, booming voice. He was every inch a Pennsylvania Dutchman. He looked it, and talked it. I'll not try to record his dialect.

"Come on in," he said. He cut off the radio and led us to a little parlor. One of the children lighted another lamp.

"Well," said the old man, "I know what you want. It's to hear something about pow-wowing. Is that right?"

"Yes," I replied, "that's it."

Back to the Dark Ages

"Well, the pow-wow then, like I use the pow-wow, is always for something that is good, never for anything that is wicked. It all comes from the Bible. The words I say when I cure they all come from the Book and so there can't ever, ever be any harm in them."

"But how do you go about it to cure people?" I asked. "And what kind of ailments do you work on?"

"The suspender buttons would all come off every time he dressed"

The old man pondered for a minute.

"I don't cure for everything," he said. "I just cure mostly for the taking-off, for the stomach fever, for the liver-groin, for the weeds and for burns and for the stopping of the blood. My mother taught me the way and I do like this: For the stomach-fever I take a string and I measure the person from the cowlick on the back of the head to the middle of the bottom of the left heel.

"Then I take another string and I measure the right foot, and if the long string is not exactly seven times as long as the short string then I know the sick person has the stomach fever and I cure for it. I make the two strings into a trap. Three times I put the sick person through this trap, every time I say the words from the Bible, and in a few days he is well.

"For the cure of the liver-groin it is almost the same way. With the string I take the measure around the stomach and I say the words. But they are not the same words. And then I wrap the string around an egg and I put the egg in the fire. Sometimes the egg busts and the string burns up, and then I have to do it all over again. I do this every day until the day comes when the string will not burn and then the sick person is cured."

Thus for two hours Rudolph told me of the wonders of pow-wow. It even works when applied to live stock, although at first he said that he couldn't cure for horses and cattle. Then he bethought himself.

"Yes, yes," he exclaimed, "I can cure for the sweeny in horses. Old Jenny Schwann taught me that. I do it like this: The first Friday in the time when the moon is taking on I get up before day.

"I speak to no one. I dress and I go to where the horse is and I rub the sweeny and I say the words, and then I come back. And all the time I must not speak to anybody—not a single word. Then on Sunday I go again to the horse, and then again on Tuesday. On Sunday when I come back if I meet someone I can talk, but on Tuesday no. On Tuesday I cannot talk but after Tuesday the horse is cured."

How to Bring Up Your Children

I inquired regarding certain other remarkable things about which I had been hearing a good deal of talk. I asked, for example, about pig troughs, mill hoppers, brier bushes, four-legged tables, and the best time to clip toenails. Rudolph knew all about all of them.

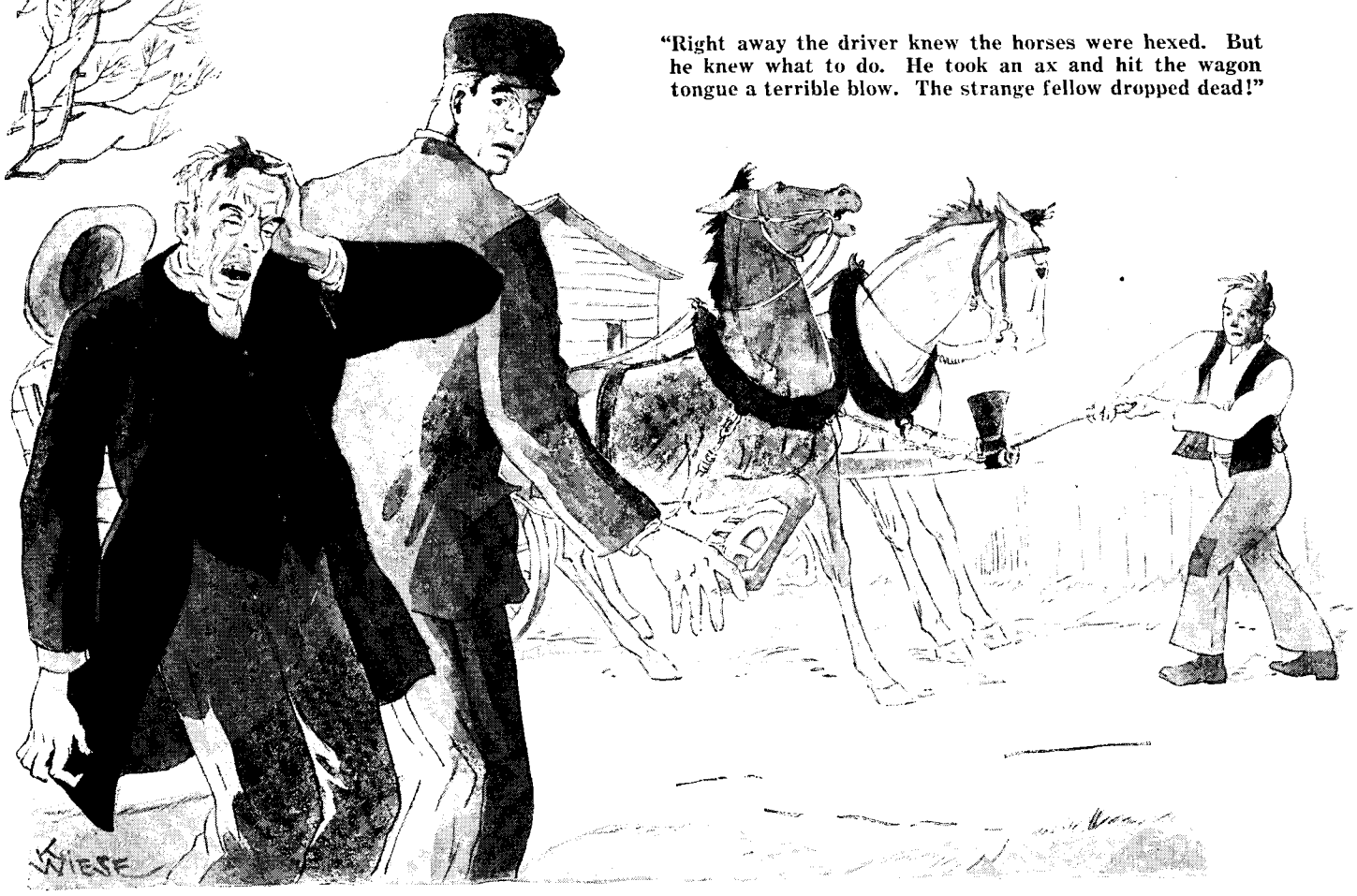
If you rub children against a pig trough they will not have the mumps; place them for a time in a mill hopper and they become immune to scarlet fever. Drag them backwards, three times, through a bramble bush and you needn't worry thereafter about whooping cough hitting the family. Pass them from hand to hand under a four-legged table, and around each leg, and it will cure the liver-groin. And above all things don't manicure your feet when the moon is taking on. If you do you will surely acquire a set of ingrowing nails.

Don't laugh. Don't laugh at the pow-wow; and above all don't laugh at Rudolph as a practitioner of the art, because if you do you will be laughing at the honest beliefs of about seven tenths of the people who live in one of the most prosperous and thickly settled semi-rural sections of the United States.

It is astounding, but it is a fact, that in five counties adjoining, and including, York County in Pennsylvania the vast majority of the people, probably a million of them, no matter whether they live on farms and speak with an accent, work in factories, practice law, hold political jobs, bootleg, or run banks and handle big business, are addicted to pow-wow. They are not ashamed of it either. They are strong in the faith and therein, as Rudolph explained to me, lies the secret of the whole thing.

The honest pow-wow, he said, works always for good, and never for evil. But for it to be efficacious both parties to the transaction.

Illustrated by Kurt Wiese



"Right away the driver knew the horses were hexed. But he knew what to do. He took an ax and hit the wagon tongue a terrible blow. The strange fellow dropped dead!"

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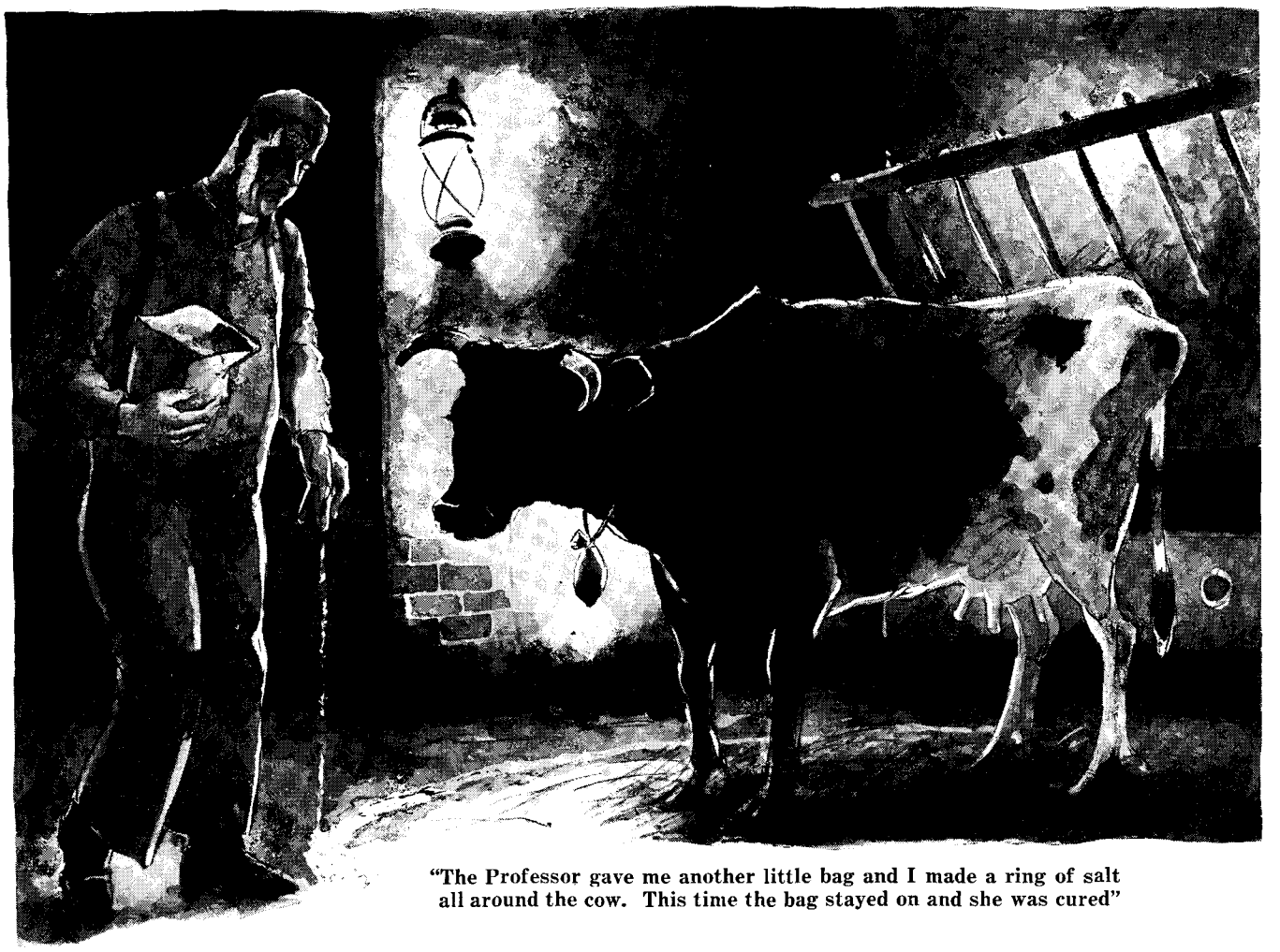
Owen P. White



"The Professor gave me another little bag and I made a ring of salt all around the cow. This time the bag stayed on and she was cured"

must believe in it. Thus the pow-wowers, although they see in the system nothing except the power of God, are working along the same lines of mental suggestion that were used by Émile Coué, the little pharmacist from Nancy, when he came over here a few years ago and in no time at all had everybody in the United States counting knots on a string and chanting a ditty about how much better they felt today than they felt yesterday.

There is a lot to this sort of thing. Scientific medicos recognize it under the name of therapeutic suggestion. Pow-wow therefore is nothing to be scoffed at.

The Pennsylvania Germans came by it legitimately. It was brought to this country in the time of Good Queen Anne and it has been handed down from one generation to the next. But note this: The power to pow-wow is not necessarily hereditary, but if it should happen to run through as a family characteristic it is never passed down from father to son, or from mother to daughter. It always alternates, in that a man derives his power and knowledge from a woman, and a woman gets hers from a man. Why this is I was unable to learn.

Pow-wow came into this country more than two centuries ago. Its practitioners were German farmers, who located in the hills of Pennsylvania, some distance west of what was destined to be the main highway of civilized progress. Civilization surrounded them in time, but until within comparatively recent years they have been in it and not of it.

The Pow-Wow's Background

As farmers—and there are no better farmers in the world—these Germans accepted anything and everything to better their agricultural condition, but not their cultural. In regard to their inherited ideals they had their own notions. They didn't want any education that would disturb them in the simple faith and customs of their forefathers.

Hence, so I was told in York County, in the rural communities, where these people have controlled things, it has only been within the past thirty years that the public school has become a tolerated institution. The old folks have never wanted the young ones, of the generations that have come on one after the other, to be taught things that would cause them to leave the farms or the faith of their fathers.

The mothers and fathers of the present generation of adult citizens of the pow-wow belt were all firm believers in the process, and hence it is a safe bet that seven out of every ten adults in those counties have been wrapped around table legs, parked in mill hoppers, dragged through brier bushes, rubbed against pig troughs, measured with strings, and talked over.

It seems to have worked. There are no huskier, healthier lot of citizens anywhere than are to be found in that part of Pennsylvania; and if you want to know how they got that way just ask some of them about the pow-wow.

I asked a man in York upon whose office wall there hung several diplomas.

"It saved my life," he said.

I asked the secretary of the Kiwanis Club in another small town. This man has lived in Massachusetts for many years, but even that hasn't affected his belief, or his growth either.

"I thrived on it," he told me, "and it certainly cured my sister when she had erysipelas."

Another business man showed me his arms. One was a mass of scars, the other was without a mark.

"I burned them both," he said, "severely. This one," and he indicated the scarred arm, "was not pow-wowed. The other was. Can you see the difference?"

I spoke to a prominent politician, who exhibited his right hand as a testimonial. He had picked up a chunk of red-hot iron and didn't drop it quick enough. His hand had been terribly burned. A pow-wower had breathed on it three times, made a few appropriate remarks, and that was all. The hand is without a mark. So there you are.

A Presbyterian minister told me he had seen pow-wowers stop blood flowing from a wound, and had known them to cure erysipelas. They are death on erysipelas. A young college man whom I met one night about midnight in the little village of Spring Grove told me that members of his family had been cured of it by the pow-wow, and a pow-wow doctor also told me of how he had had a bad case of it himself and that a brother practitioner had "cured for him" in three days.

They Know Their Limitations

The honest pow-wower doesn't charge for his services. If a patient wants to make him a gift that's all right, but there is no fee. Neither do any of them claim to have any ability to cure any organic ailments. They don't tackle tuberculosis or cancer; they don't set bones; they distinctly admit that there is plenty of pain and suffering in the world; they recognize the value of internal medicine, and they are perfectly willing to allow a patient, if he or she wants to, to be attended by a regular medico at the same time they are doing their stuff.

According to the primitive faith of the pow-wowers, and of the people who believe in their powers, there is as much truth in the demonology of the Bible as there is in any other part of the Book. They believe with as much high-power fervency in the personality of a Devil whose influence is all wicked as they do in the personality of a benign God whose energies are all exerted in the opposite direction. Therefore, as Rudolph said—although he emphatically assured me that he himself wouldn't ever have any traffic with the evil one—if a good man can call on a good God to help him do good to his fellows, just so a bad man can invoke the assistance of the Devil when he wants to get even with an enemy.

And do they believe this? And do they do it? Down in civilized Pennsylvania the hills are infested with hard-working, seemingly intelligent grown people whose trust in, and fear of, the powers of black magic is just as implicit as that of Cotton Mather ever was. They bear enthusiastic witness to the necromancy of witches, they have faith in the casting of spells, they have been present at the ousting of devils, and they rely upon charms for their own protection.

I wanted to meet a man bewitched. It was no trouble at all. It would have been harder, maybe, to meet one who wasn't, or hadn't been. For that purpose I dropped in at the office of a county detective. He laughed, stepped to the window, looked out and hollered at the first man who went by: "Hey, Carl, come in here, I want to talk to you."

The man entered, I was introduced, and the detective said: "Tell us about the man who bewitched the horses and fell dead."

"Oh, yes," answered Carl, "that was a long time ago. I was standing by the mill where another man was loading his wagon with wheat. A strange fellow he came up and stood beside me. 'Watch now,' he said, 'and we will see some fun. The horses will not pull.' Well, the driver he got on the wagon and just like the strange fellow said the horses would not go. The driver whipped them; still they would not go, and right away he knew they were hexed. But he knew what to do. He took an ax from the wagon, he got down and he hit the wagon tongue one terrible blow. The strange fellow dropped dead!"

"But have you ever been hexed yourself?" I asked Carl.

"Why, of course I have. Once I remember it was on the cow. She got sick and down and there was nothing I could do. The doctor he came and gave her some medicine but it was no good. Then I went to the Professor and I told him and he gave me a little bag which he said to tie with a string around the neck of the cow. I did that and right away the cow got up and began to eat.

The Professor to the Rescue

"I went off to the field to work and when I came back the cow was down again, and the bag, which was around her neck, was gone. The witch had got it. I couldn't find it anywhere. I went back to the Professor and I told him and he gave me another little bag and this time he said I was to make a ring with salt all around the cow. I did that. This time the bag stayed on her neck, she was cured for a long time, and when she got sick again I killed her.

"That very same night the big hog died and after that everything went wrong. I lost more than seven hundred dollars in stock that winter and then, finally, I went to the Professor again.

"This time he gave me a wooden peg which he said I was to drive in the barn, in a certain place by the door, with three blows from the hammer. I did that and then, as long as I lived in that place, I had no more trouble. Then I moved and right away I was hexed again. We couldn't make any butter come on the cream. We churned for two days and got nothing, and then I got mad. I took the big knife; I made it red-hot in the fire. I stuck it in the cream and right at that very minute the neighbor woman, who had put the hex on me, burned her hands on the stove in her kitchen.

"But she doesn't stop putting on the hex. She does it all the time. One day I was shooting rabbits and I got over on her land, and she saw me and laughed. 'You can't (Continued on page 48

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Wings of

Captain Dufresne hurried over to greet Delavan. "Again, Lieutenant Sangster!" he exclaimed

The Story Thus Far:

MILLARD DELAVAN, an orphan, the son of a once famous actor, is dismissed from the United States air force on the charge made by Captain Lastry of striking an officer, Captain Lastry himself, and of cheating at cards. Stacked against him are the facts that he is adept at card tricks and that he comes of German people.

Major Henrichs, thinking the charge absurd, befriends the boy and through his brother, Judge Henrichs, secures Delavan a job with the Arrow Aero Manufacturing Company. The job doesn't last long as Lastry happens to be inspector of the planes and he plants a few seeds of poison.

At Judge Henrichs' home Millard meets Joyce Van Deusen and the attractive aunt, who turns out to be the woman because of whom Millard's father was supposed to have committed suicide.

He meets also Madame Mitzi Seidler, a German agent, and when the judge, who is to be appointed head of the United States Intelligence in Switzerland, offers him the job of working against Mitzi and of preceding him to Switzerland, he jumps at the chance.

In Switzerland Millard, by deceiving Mitzi, gets himself appointed to a position in the German Intelligence. The Chief, important in this service, takes Millard to Charleville, to try out a small British plane that had come down behind the German lines. Millard takes it up high in the air and finds himself being followed by two German planes and fervently hopes that he hasn't been sent up for target practice.

IV

IT HAD been Delavan's first thought to make a long sweep to the south—a sweep wide enough to give him a view of that stupendous battle-line which had been drawing its length across the pages of history for nearly four years. But it suddenly dawned upon him that if in this flight of observation he were spotted by a German plane unacquainted with his mission, his pursuit of adventure would be ended as soon as it had started.

"One clip of cartridges," he thought, already slackening his speed, "and I'd be shuffling off this mortal coil so fast it would look like a handspring."

Besides, the two Fokkers which had followed from the Charleville flying field had evidently been given instructions not to let him get too far away.

Roaring past him now, they began turning him to the right by crowding on his left quarter—as a traffic officer on a motorcycle will crowd a speeding motorist against the curb.

"I love to choose and see my path," thought Delavan; and guessing that the heavier Fokkers would need more speed than himself to keep at the same elevation, he gradually closed his throttle.

Slowly but surely the distance widened between himself and his two attendants, and suddenly seizing the moment, Dell asserted his independence by swinging to the left instead of the right and heading back for Charleville.

THE Fokkers turned and thundered after, this time rising above him and then bearing down ahead in order to crowd the lighter plane to earth.

"It ought to work again," Delavan told himself, closing his throttle. The heavier machines, trying to slow to the same speed, lost their elevation; and suddenly opening everything wide, Dell leap-frogged over them and side-slipped down to the landing field below.

"Very well done!" exclaimed the Chief. "Captain Schureman, who was watching with me, says he wishes that you were in his unit. But we have better things in mind, *hein?* So now we return to town and see if the uniform fits you."

They drove back to the hotel of the *Lion d'Argent* where, Dell was later to learn, the Intelligence units of three adjoining sectors assembled their reports for transmission to General Headquarters at Spa.

"This was my work before I went to Switzerland," said the Chief. "I am glad to be transferred back again where I can step out if I wish with no fair lady waiting to take my picture with a camera concealed in her hat—where I can sit inside and no good Serbian tries to pot me with a cheap revolver. Now we will go to my office, and there we should find the uniform waiting for us—"

It was a British uniform of the Royal Air Force smartly tailored with its swanky cut and silk linings. Dell tried on the coat.

"With a few alterations, yes," critically nodded the Chief. "I will send for a tailor, and while we are waiting, we will see what was found in the pockets."

The first item was a letter addressed to "Lieutenant William J. Sangster, Royal Air Force, in care of the British War Office."

"The postmark is New York," said the Chief. "The letter, as you see, from a young lady—"

Dell, skipping the contents, with a warm feeling around his ears, turned to the signature, "Babs."

The second item was a picture of a wistful-eyed girl in a red morocco pocket-case.

"Probably Babs," thought Delavan, and, remembering the start and the end of the letter, he added, "I hope so—'or Jove has laughed again.'"

The third item was a metal disk. On one side was the number "317" and on the other the stamped insignia of the R. A. F.

This and about twenty pounds in English money completed the inventory.

"And that is all," said the Chief, glancing at a page of notes. "From the type of his engine, the direction of his flight, and various other data, such as the amount of petrol remaining in his tank—it is deduced that he came from the British field unit stationed at St. Pol behind the Vimy sector. Whatever happens, therefore, I would advise you to keep away from St. Pol. There are many things in espionage which are difficult to account for—but there are few things harder to explain than a sudden change of identity."

THE tailor soon arrived—a blue-eyed elderly Bavarian. In frowning silence he chalked the shoulders and cuffs of the coat, using that tailor's shorthand which seems to be universal in all languages—and then with a stiff salute he carried the coat away with him.

"I wonder what *he* thinks of the war—" Delavan asked himself. And one thought suggesting another, he added, "If wars were like whaling expeditions, everybody getting a share of the profits, I wonder how much most of the men in this war would ask for their shares today if they could sell out and go home. . . ."

Not much, he guessed.

"Now!" said the Chief.

From a filing cabinet he drew a large-scale map of the French district southeast of Rheims. Attached to this was a

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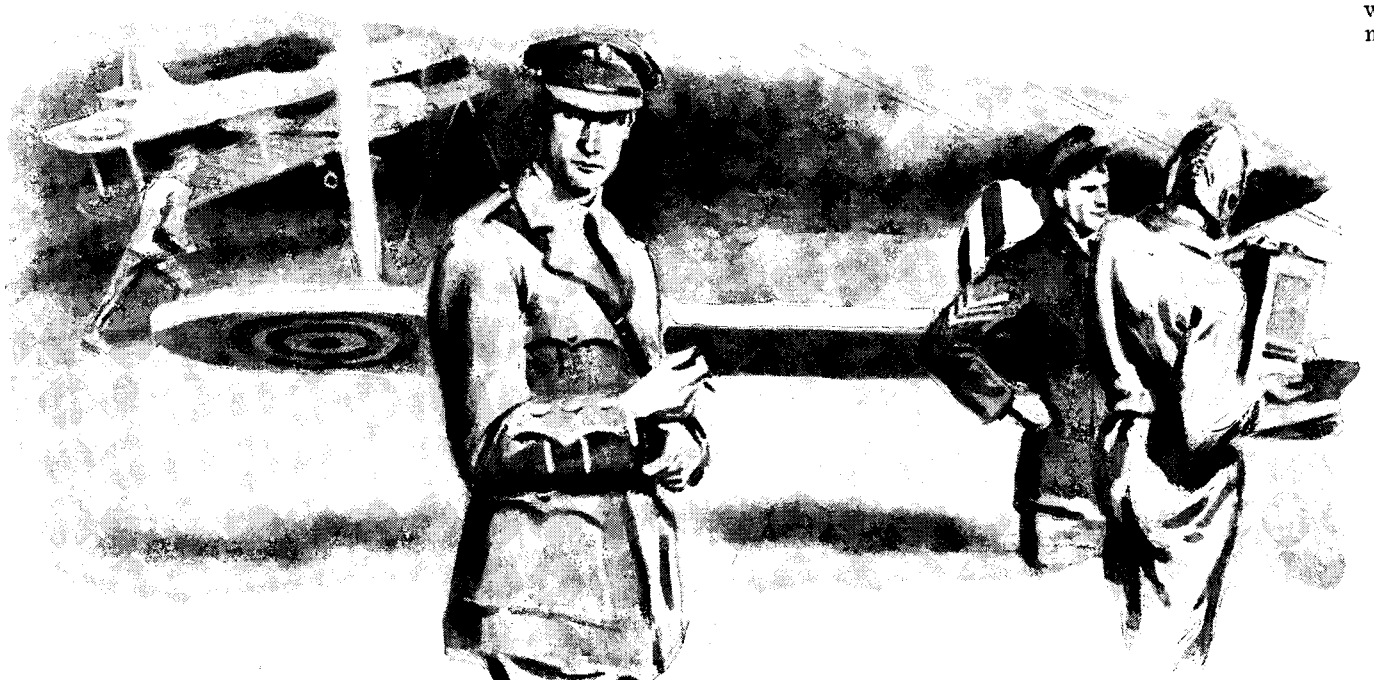
Destiny

By George Weston



Illustrated by O. F. Schmidt

photograph taken from an airplane, showing the same territory from the air.

"You will notice on the map," he continued, "this penciled cross between Bar-le-Duc and Montiers—directly south from where the railroad crosses the canal.

"There is a square field there enclosed by poplars. It is also crossed diagonally in each direction with a footpath. Where these paths intersect in the middle of the field you will see a small shed with a slate roof in need of repair. Some of the slates, in fact, have fallen out—and have been replaced with squares of tin, painted white."

"An outward and visible sign," said Delavan.

"Exactly!" From a cupboard he drew a cylindrical-shaped bomb about three inches in diameter and six inches long. On its top was a toothed cog with an arrow engraved upon it.

"Your first task will be simple," continued the Chief. "Guided by the railroad and the canal, you will find the field with the spotted shed and, flying as low as possible, you will drop this bomb as near to the shed as you can. I do not expect you will be molested, because you will naturally be mistaken for a British plane. But if you should be pursued, or threatened, you are to reverse this arrow and throw the bomb overboard."

They were interrupted by the tailor returning with the coat.

"You will dress now," said the Chief. "Your duties are to begin at once."

CHANGING to the British uniform in the next room, Delavan's mind was on the task before him. If danger threatened, and the arrow were reversed, the cylinder would undoubtedly explode on striking the ground. Otherwise, it would not explode, and therefore it probably contained letters or papers of some kind.

"In other words," he concluded with growing excitement, "that spotted shed is really serving as a post office for the German Secret Service working in France! Here's a noble cargo to unload to the judge when I see him!"

Half an hour later he was back at the landing field, the correspondence tube beneath his arm. He lifted it over into the cockpit of the waiting Goshawk and climbed in after.

Delavan noticed one of the British flyers scrutinizing him

"Now remember," said the Chief, who had driven him over from the *Lion d'Argent*, "you are not to be alarmed if you are pursued and fired upon by one of our planes. You will not be caught. You will not be hit. But a few maneuvers like those which you accomplished this morning will look more convincing than a straight-away flight. In other words, I am arranging this pursuit in order to add an air of plausibility to your crossing of No Man's Land. You will please play up to the part as well as you can—"

"If I only had a machine gun, too," thought Delavan, "I might be able to play up to the part in a way that would make you marvel!"

He opened his throttle to the starting position and turned on the ignition. The propeller turned, the engine roared, the plane first trembled and then swayed gently forward on its wheels. Faster and faster it taxied across the field until the rushing air beneath its wings would allow it to stay on the ground no longer.

Like a giant hawk then it arose in a curve of perfect beauty—higher and higher till one might wonder if it meant to hide itself behind the impenetrable blue barrier of distance. Finally, a mere speck drifting in the wind, it disappeared toward the south.

Delavan's first reaction was one of unconscious excitement, and he could have laughed aloud as he looked over the side at the scene below him.

The clean air singing past him, the thrill of grandeur at seeing the world float underneath as though he were a disembodied spirit looking down on earth-bound mortals, the imperious roar of his engine, the exulting hum of his blades, the feeling of fatality at what might happen if oil-pipe clogged or ignition failed: these things always moved him more deeply than anything which happened on the ground.

But today, in addition to all else, he was at last definitely started upon his pursuit of adventure—an adventure, perhaps, more delicately balanced and perilous than any of which he had either heard or read.

What was it that Judge Henrichs had said to him, on their last long interview?

"This is strictly confidential yet—that I have agreed to take charge of our Intelligence Department in Switzerland. So you go there with Mitzi, find out what you can, and have a report ready for me when I arrive. But always remember that Mitzi is on the other side, and never forget that until I arrive in Switzerland with my own credentials, you will be a free-lance only, and that, whatever you do, it will be strictly upon your own responsibility and at your own risk."

THE judge, of course, had only wanted to get him out of the country—away from the scene of his disgrace—to put his mind on something else besides the sour and tragic injustice which had been handed out to him.

But once arrived in Switzerland events hadn't merely moved; they had galloped, and he upon their back like another John Gilpin on his way to Coventry.

And here at last was where he had arrived—surely a man without a country if ever there was one—an American citizen in a British uniform, guiding a captured plane at an elevation of twelve thousand feet over one of the greatest battlefields in the history of mankind, and doing this at the behest of the German Intelligence Department!

His thoughts were interrupted by a shrill staccato—a noise which made his scalp tingle.

"Engine trouble?" he muttered to himself, gradually tilting his stick forward and closing his throttle to see if he could localize the sound. "No; it's back of me," he added with a puzzled expression, and looking over his shoulder he saw a super-Fokker about two hundred yards behind, coming like an eagle after a swallow.

"Machine gun!" thought Dell with a flash of divination. "If that's the plane which the Chief sent, he'll try not to hit me. But if it's another—!"

The next moment he had opened everything wide, and was working for still higher altitude. On the previous flight he had discovered that he could climb faster than the German ships. If now he could first increase the distance between them and then keep turning and twisting so that the other flyer couldn't get a line on him, he would be safe, for he had also noticed that the German machine guns were rigidly mounted, synchronized to shoot between the sweeps of the propeller. In other words, to aim the gun, the pilot must aim his whole machine. . . . It didn't take Delavan long to begin maneuvering.

Dell's subsequent flight toward the distant trenches, he told himself, was more like a snake track than a beeline. As though perceiving that further pursuit were useless, the Fokker suddenly relieved itself of one last chattering fusillade—and then veered and made for the north.

Dell, beginning to breathe more naturally again, looked down to see where he was, and caught sight of a marvel which had never been seen before the war—and only then from the air.

"Talk about snake tracks!" he mused, unconsciously raising the throttle for a longer look.

They stretched right and left, two sinuous parallel lines, as far as the eye could see, probably the greatest waste of labor since the erection of China's Wall in the name of human fear.

UP HILL and down dale, through meadows and woodlands, by fields and villages, across brooks and roads those two dark twisting lines faced each other; and in between them, on each side, the whole earth looked like craters of the moon—desolate, lonely and dead.

It wasn't long after this before he spotted the canal which he had seen on the map—a thread of silver wandering through a valley, in which the fields looked like a giant's crazy quilt laid out in pieces of every shade of green and brown. Reminded of his errand, he lifted the correspondence tube into his lap, keeping his left hand on the control stick. The air was clear, without wind or soft spots, and ever since leaving Charleville the gallant Goshawk had hardly needed conscious care.

"I suppose this top screws off," thought Dell, holding the cylinder between his knees. And after a lot of effort he unscrewed it, but found the compartment beneath was empty.

"They're still trying me out," he told himself. "Perhaps they thought I couldn't find the place."

And yet—it was easy enough to find. First he saw the railroad, and flying directly south from the point where the railway crossed the canal, he presently saw the square field enclosed by poplars with its diagonal paths crossing from each direction. And—yet, there in the middle was the shed with the spotted roof. Flying low, Dell dropped the tube near the shed.

"There!" he told himself. "That's that—and now we'll see what else the Chief can teach me."

For a time he wondered whether he should report (*Continued on page 30*)

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Personally Conducted

By Frank Condon

Whistles blew, people began tossing confetti. There was waving of handkerchiefs and throwing of kisses. The good ship Hillary Castle trembled slightly and by gazing down at the pier one could see that the Waxman family was off around the world

IT IS Esther's custom to have, at irregular intervals, gloomy spells or moments of repining. Her large expressive eyes fill up with melancholy, and if I am around the house, I ask her politely what is the matter with her. Esther is the long-suffering and patient wife and has been worrying away at it for sixteen years this summer. Being married to me is reason enough to plunge any woman into an occasional megrim, and whenever Esther sinks, she casts about in her mind for some bright, cheery, beautiful thought with which to dispel the gloom. She always finds it. She always has found it. It is the same thought, year after year, and this is what Esther says, when she feels dismal and wishes to feel gay:

"Let us," she says, her woe disappearing and her eyes lighting up with a happy sparkle, "let us go to Naples."

I always make the same reply.

"Well, Esther," I say, "what the aitch, e, double ell, comma, would a person want to go to Naples for, where he will only get himself a flea and mayhap two fleas?"

"You don't wish to go, Roger?" she asks in simulated surprise.

"I do not."

"You do not want to go back to where first we met, and sit under the Italian moon?"

"No."

"Nor look at the beautiful lilacs in the park where you courted me?"

"I can get along if I never see another Italian lilac," I reply, and Esther thereat sighs deeply and goes out into the kitchen, looking for trouble with Martha, which is the easiest thing in the world to find.

Mr. Waxman Has a Change of Heart

We rolled along for two or three years, having these fugitive conversations about Italy, and getting nowhere, until I concluded I must be a brute to feel so unromantic about the early trysting spots in our lives. If she wanted to return and look over these hallowed shrines, why shouldn't she go? If it would make her happy to eat spaghetti in the quaint little hotel where first we met, who was I to defy her? Perhaps, and the thought came happily, I could trot up to Scotland and play the St. Andrew's course. I have always longed to play St. Andrew's and Troon. I was weakening.

Then one evening when I returned from the country club Esther received me smiling brightly.

"Roger," she cried, "I have a surprise for you."

"You look it," I said cautiously, for Esther has surprised me before and I never know how many volts to expect. Her excitement increased slightly.

"It's all fixed now," she exclaimed.

"What is?" I requested.

"That trip—we're going to Naples."

"Don't be foolish, Esther. I have promised to play on the team for the rest of the season."

"Pooh!" she cried. "Don't speak of the team. Think of the gorgeous and exciting trip ahead of us. The ship sails exactly seven days from today."

I slid slowly out of the automobile and ascended the porch, realizing that our family was in trouble again. Esther took me by the arm and overwhelmed me with new facts. We would sail in a week. The name of the ship was the So-and-So, a noble craft. I would have to purchase a winter overcoat and galoshes. I would have to be vaccinated for smallpox and receive injections against the onrush of typhoid and pneumonia.

"Wait," I said coldly. "You are apparently swept off your feet. Where does this boat sail from?"

"San Francisco," she said.

"Where does it go after leaving Frisco?"

"China and Java and, oh, everywhere."

"And we are going to Naples. Have you ever studied a map? Have you ever opened a good geography book and looked around?"

The Long Way Around

"Don't try to be funny, Roger. This ship sails from San Francisco, to be sure, and it goes straight around the world, completing the voyage at Naples. It is by far the finer way, especially in winter."

"Who told you?"

"Mr. Harold Demuth, the tourist gentleman. He is coming again after dinner."

"Too bad for Harold, for I have a meeting of the greens committee. Further, I wish to see no gentleman concerning foreign travel. I am not going anywhere this year and maybe not next year."

Illustrated by Herb Roth

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We sat down to dinner and I pointed to the absurdity of circling the earth to reach Naples and Rome. The right way to go to Italy was to take a fast train from California to New York and a swift liner to the Mediterranean. And it was bad enough to brave the perils of the wintry Atlantic, without crossing all the seven seas of the world.

"Think of the expense," I said in triumph.

"You know nothing about it," she said severely. "Mr. Demuth promised to tell us everything and the least we can do is to listen courteously."

I telephoned Fred Kellogg, chairman of the greens committee, saying I would be late and might not come at all, owing to trouble in the home, and sat down patiently to wait for Mr. Harold Demuth, who seemed foreordained by Fate to poke a hand into my affairs.

When he appeared, Mr. Demuth was a pleasant surprise, and not at all what I expected. He drove up in a small snappy roadster and flung himself out of it as though not a moment was to be lost. "I know Mrs. Waxman," he said briskly, shaking me by the hand. "My name is Demuth. Now let's look over this contemplated trip of yours, Mr. Waxman."

"What trip?" I asked.

"Around the world to Naples," he said brightly. "It's a good thing I happened to hear about you and Mrs. Waxman. You might have sailed from New York."

"Mr. Demuth," I said politely, "you are laboring under a misapprehension. I wouldn't go abroad if the Secretary of the Navy got down on his knees and presented me with a personal battleship and seven submarines to carry my bags."

"Not going abroad," laughed the friendly fellow, "with everything arranged?"

"Nothing is arranged, Mr. Demuth. You are wasting your time."

Paying no further attention to me the young man, who had skillfully worked us into the living-room, spread his data over the table, material consisting of maps, books, booklets, folders, time-cards, price sheets and photographs. The stuff made an imposing mound, when he finally fished it out of his various reticules and spread it about, and put together it comprised a history of the world. As it appeared to me, it would take a grown man seventy years to read it all, working twelve hours a day, Christmas and New Year's off.

Mr. Demuth Fixes Everything

"Now, Mr. Waxman," he continued amiably, "let us study the details of the most delightful trip on earth."

I said nothing, but Esther drew up a chair and remarked: "We would like to sail from San Francisco."

It transpired that the young travel zealot was, as they call it in the trade, a tourist agent. He represented a large ticket-selling concern that not only started people out to see the world but escorted them from port to port.

"I am going on this trip myself," Mr. Demuth announced, "and I will probably take care of you."

He smiled reassuringly, and he was an ingratiating and pleasant-mannered young man.

I have always fancied tourist agents as elderly men wearing whiskers and a manner of boredom. I met one on a train and nothing interested him. He had seen everything. Life was pretty flat.

"India," he said, yawning, "nothing in India. I been through it twelve times—nothing in India."

On the extreme contrary, Mr. Demuth bubbled. His eyes sparkled and he grew flushed as he moved along from map to map. He was a round-faced youth in his late twenties, a pale-freckled enthusiast, with brown hair and a mild blue eye. His hair was beginning to recede and he paused long enough to inform us that he was engaged to a sweet girl and would marry within the year.

He then began to overflow with facts and figures. His tourist concern represented the New York and Shanghai Steam Navigation Company, operating the 20,000-ton liner Hillary Castle, which would arrive in San Francisco within the week, out-bound for China, the seven seas and, eventually, Naples, the home of Romance.

"It will cost you just four thousand dollars, Mr. Waxman," he said, figuring rapidly on a picture of the pyramids.

"Each?" I said with wasted sarcasm.

"No, for both of you; and not only that but the four thousand includes all the side trips. There will be nothing for you and Mrs. Waxman to worry over. As the ship lands, in whatever clime, you step into a waiting limousine and are whisked to interesting and historic spots, which are fully described to you by your personal guide."

"Who is our personal guide?" asked Esther, growing more excited.

"I am."

The Perfect Tourist Guide

"You are?" I interrupted. "Didn't you tell me you had never been out of America?"

"I did," replied Harold. "This will be my first trip. The company is sending me on the Hillary Castle for the experience."

I glanced at Esther, who was paying no attention to this naïve admission.

"You are my idea of the perfect tourist guide or dragoman," I said. "You ought to be of great help to everyone, when we strike a foreign city, where you don't know any more about the pink pagodas than we do."

Harold waved his hand.

"That will be attended to by the company," he stated. "Now, let us get down to business."

It was about eleven o'clock when Mr. Demuth shut up the reticule and signified his intention of going home. In those three hours I had learned that the nicest people always go around the earth when moving on Naples, that it is far less expensive than to go direct, and that there is no passport problem for a man who deals with the New York and Shanghai Line.

"Have your passport for you in the morning," said the brisk Demuth. "And remember that you are under my personal care on this trip."

"I'm sure it will be delightful," said Esther.

I gave in about ten o'clock.

"I don't wish to go around the world," I said. "And I don't wish to go anywhere. I am giving my consent under protest and I want it understood. After all, Esther, this is your trip, and if I do go, I do so simply to make you happy."

"Do these Chinks ever get around to mutiny?" I asked the mate, recalling tales of Chinese piracy

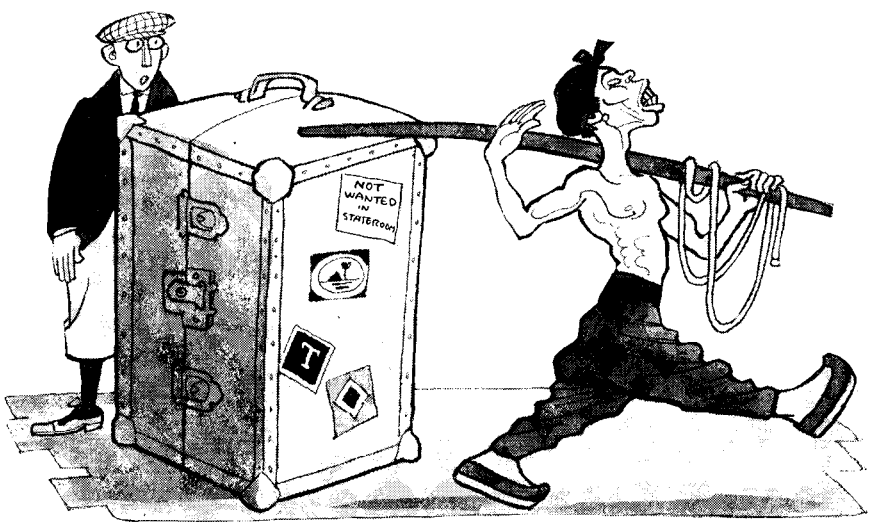
Mr. Demuth bounded into his automobile and fled down the street and the quiet city of Glen Echo never looked so attractive to me as I turned out the lights.

"Around the world," my wife murmured, in a sort of subdued ecstasy, "fancy that, Roger."

"Esther," I said earnestly, "whenever I am about to make a serious mistake, I invariably have premonitions. Right now, I am so full of premonitions that if you were to stick me with a pin, I would bleed omens clear to the bathroom."

In passing directly from California to New York and Naples one requires certain traveling essentials, such as a bathrobe in four colors, wash dresses, steamer slippers, a deck hat and dark eyeglasses. On the other hand, if you go around the world and approach Italy from the back door, you simply throw everything out of your suit-cases and fill them with an entirely new set of necessaries.

For the benefit of eager persons who have never been around the world on a modern steamboat I will inform you that one never takes a trunk. At least, smart people do not take trunks, for they are clumsy and a Chinese porter will not touch a trunk. It is against his religion to fool with trunks, and in fact he will attack only the smallest type suit-cases and hand-bags. A Chinese porter sings whenever he lifts any burden. No Chinaman can lift anything unless he floods the incident with melody and if he comes across a genuinely heavy bit of luggage, he goes on singing anyhow, leaves the bag where it is and wanders into the nearest joint to see what the boys in the back room are doing.



It is against a Chinese porter's religion to fool with trunks; he will attack only the smallest bags

We Prepare our Luggage

The proper procedure when you are touring the universe on a slow steamboat is to fill nine suit-cases with tooth pastes, shirts and pajamas. Upon arriving in Japan you purchase useless bits of junk to take back home, and the suit-cases come in handy, for you then throw away your clothes and fill the bags with Chinese haori coats, Philippine lacquer, bedspreads, Oriental curios, wooden elephants, imitation tapestry and Japanese cigarette cases which no cigarette smoker in his senses would be found dead with.

"Esther," I said the following morning, "are we properly packed up?"

"Yes, indeed," she responded. "I have a few things to purchase, but the bags are just about ready."

"Did you pack my new razor blades?"

"You packed them yourself, Roger."

"So I did," I returned, recalling the incident clearly. Packing the razor blades was a matter of considerable importance, for I had come across an invention, a new type of safety razor, and if there is one thing a self-shaver enjoys, it is to discover a new and different safety (*Continued on page 44*)

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The Last Reserve

By Ared White

"Taxi John" didn't know he was responsible for the battle cry that won the day

Illustrated by Clark Fay

The devils of fatigue clutched at his brain as he struggled over his battle maps

THE colonel weaved drunkenly over his littered battle maps. Back and forth and from side to side he swayed as if the next moment might throw him in collapse across the hard shelf of earth that served him as table. Since darkness came of this third sleepless day in the stuffy dugout, the devils of fatigue had been clutching at his brain. Occasionally, in the last dozen hours he had nodded briefly only to awaken with a start and turn stubbornly back to his labors.

Now he caught himself with an abrupt jerk, straightened up in his chair and shook his head with determined vigor to clear his brain. As he looked about him the yellow light of an overhead oil lamp betrayed, amid the taut, set lines of his ashen face, a momentary distention of bloodshot gray eyes in which gleamed fear.

There followed, in the next moment, as if on the wings of an uncanny premonition, a dull, reverberating crash that shook the dugout with the bilious undulations of an earthquake. The oil lamp swung dizzily until its light flickered out and left the hole in the ground to stifling darkness. The detonation, experience proclaimed, was of an exploding German shell of large caliber. Eight thicknesses of alternating timbers, rock and sand overhead had prevented the missile from snuffing out life in the dugout.

There was a sudden sharp rasp of an electric buzzer—a sound that carried to overwrought nerves the omen of a coiled rattler.

The regimental commander located the receiver.

A faint voice squeaked over the line: "Is this Blue Racer?"

"On the line," said the colonel in a voice from which the weariness had gone.

"One minute, sir," squeaked the mild voice. There was a brief silence, then the line fairly screeched. "This is Grizzly Bear!"

There followed an impressive moment of silence before the new voice rasped on in short, high-pitched bursts of sound that conveyed an ominous, threatening sort of fury:

"Sure you got everything all set to go through?"

"Satisfactory progress, sir." The calm, cool tone of the colonel's voice seemed to stir the passion at the other end.

"Get this! I absolutely demand that you have every objective not later than H plus seven hours. Do you get it?"

"I understand, sir."

"I'LL accept no alibis—no excuses of any sort. My brigade takes its objectives if—if—I have to use up every man and relieve every officer. Do you get that, Blackridge?"

"I understand you, sir."

"Now a word of advice to you—get that idea over—as it's been done in my other regiment—and get it over before it's too late. Get me? Put the fear of God into 'em—quote what I said, for I mean business. Got it?"

Colonel Blackridge's voice stiffened: "I'll be responsible for results in my regiment, sir!"

The colonel adjusted his horn-rimmed glasses and somberly took up a patient study of the map. His weary, inflamed eyes trailed painstakingly behind the point of a pen with which he followed out myriad dim contour lines that gave him an accurate picture of the earth's surface for several kilometers in front of where he sat. At the upper edge of the map the thin lines ran close together in undulating waves that proclaimed a long, broad, sharp-rising hill. The hill was dotted with scrawny second-growth fir. The way to its summit was broken by a network of shallow wooded ravines.

How best to direct the footsteps of his men to that summit with a minimum loss of life among them was the problem over which he had not slept in three days of rending preparation. Once he had tied in all the loose ends of the organized rush to the summit—a relentless, driving rush through blood and steel—there was little else he could do. The mission thereafter was in their hands. A few hundred men he would hold back to be fed in where segments of his line might falter or be wiped out. Beyond that the result must depend upon those men, upon their stamina, their courage, their character—and upon the preparation he had given their minds and bodies in the months of training for this test of their fiber.

In this last dependence lay danger that at moments gripped the colonel with fear. It was a danger that now approached a crisis—an omen that a few moments ago had struck out at him again over the telephone. He had dared disagree with his brigade general on a theory of training his men for battle. He had insisted upon his full right, to develop his own combat regiment according to his own beliefs and conscience.

It all began back on the day Colonel Blackridge first reported to the brigade as a regimental commander and General Balling put an ancient axiom before him.

"Remember this thing, Blackridge," the general instructed him with the incisive finality he gave to all his official utterances. "The subordinate must fear his commander more than he fears the enemy. You have to get that idea into the mind of your officers from battalion down to platoon—and then set the example yourself. There's no other way, I tell you, to put raw fighting material into battle."

"Thank you, sir," the colonel replied simply and without debate. "I will be responsible to you for the proper training of my regiment."

There sprang up, inevitably, an official coolness between the colonel and his general, a coolness that deepened and expressed itself in innumerable surprise visits of inspection by the general and a corresponding care and vigilance by the colonel in every detail of his regiment. But if the situation of an unfriendly brigade commander, who might be counted upon to relieve him on any reasonable show of reason, had undermined the colonel's peace of mind, he gave no outward indication of it on the eve of action—unless in the startled look that gleamed from his bloodshot eyes when he caught himself reeling asleep over his battle map.

"Taxi John" the men of his regiment called Colonel Blackridge behind his back. Not a colorful *nom de guerre* for the commander of a fighting regiment! But, then, Colonel Blackridge was not a colorful officer. There was no bow nor dash to his military legs; no square, level set to his thick shoulders, which were rounded instead and slightly stooped. Horn-rimmed glasses gave to his somber, studious face an almost academic cast, suggestive of the classroom or the staff—of a battlefield least of all.

His voice was low and restrained, but with a fine, vibrant firmness that made it unnecessary for him to repeat his instructions. Out of his ripe experience of twenty years in the army, in which he had commanded a platoon and a company, done staff duty, been graduated from the School of the Line, he went about patiently expounding and helping, instead of criticizing and harassing; breaking only those who stubbornly failed to fit in—a regimental commander destined to hold the confidence and respect of those under him, but not to achieve their enthusiastic affection.

But where his impersonal reserve and unending poise walled him off, the brakes of his automobile stepped in to give him the heart of every man in the regiment. Or, rather, the brakes shrieked in, inarticulately expressing for him an attitude toward his soldiers which otherwise his diffidence might have kept concealed.

LONG before the colonel came to them the men of the regiment had learned the soulless eloquence of shrieking brakes, an ominous sound that carried with it, even to the spines of seasoned veterans, a discomfort akin to that of passing shrapnel. A car flashes past a group of soldiers walking beside the road. It draws up under shrieking brakes in a swirl of dust and backs up on them. A staff officer steps out, bristling, and snaps out a seldom varying formula:

"What organization you men belong to?"

"H Company, sir," a soldier of the group speaks up in tremulous voice. Or perhaps it is A Company, or B, or any other, that is thus brought into disrepute.

"I thought so! Have you been taught to salute—or is it because you're too sloppy in that company? Now, your names."

"We did not recognize the colonel's car, sir, until it was past."

"A slick alibi. Perhaps you'll have better eyesight next time you hear a car coming."

"Yes, sir."

So, when Colonel Blackridge's small sedan, doing high speed, first shrieked to a stop in a remote section of his far-flung billeting area, hard-disciplined men who had not saluted quaked at sight of the colonel himself leaning out of his open door as the car backed up on them.

"Where you men going to?" he asked in his quiet, impersonal way, that was not the less reassuring to men of previous experience in such interviews.

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"Barley Coursey, sir," replied a soldier apologetically. "We did not recognize the colonel's—"

"Bar-le-Courcy," corrected the colonel. "Good. That's where I'm going. Climb on and ride."

One afternoon, weeks later on, the colonel had turned to a battalion commander with a puzzled look on his face. He had come upon the battalion near the end of a famishing day of battle practice only to hear noncoms begin shouting at their men a strange and meaningless phrase: "Climb on and ride!" And the words awakened a miracle of morale that swept aside any hint of lagging or weariness until the maneuver was ended.

"It's a pet saying they've worked up in the ranks," was the major's reply. "Soldiers are a queer lot."

Three hours remained until H hour for the infantry. Barring an unexpected hitch, there were no last-minute emergencies to be met. The unsparing thoroughness with which the colonel had worked prevented confusion now. It gave him his time in which to burn into his memory every kilometer of the battle front. As he followed the dim contour lines, he began to weave again, swaying closer and closer to the map, at the point of collapse. His body struck against the shelf of earth and the impact brought him up with a jerk.

"I must be getting old," he mused soberly. "I don't remember ever feeling so run out."

"Why, sir," spoke up the adjutant. "The colonel hasn't slept in three days. We've wondered that you haven't fallen in your tracks long ago."

Colonel Blackridge smiled faintly. "That's the hardest part of war," he said: "90 per cent hard work and 10 per cent fighting. And, some way or other, I've got to be up and doing for Heaven knows how much longer—another dozen hours at least."

"Sir," put in Captain Maynard, "may I suggest the colonel lie down until something starts? We have had our sleep and can ride hard if anything goes wrong."

The colonel glanced wistfully at his unused bedding roll in a corner of the dugout, then at his wrist watch.

"Strange I hadn't thought of that, isn't it?" he smiled. "I believe you're right—and I'll benefit later by the forty winks."

His staff officer unstrapped the bedding roll and laid out his bed for him on the earth floor. The colonel almost collapsed on to it, face upward, in full uniform without unfastening the high tight collar. "Call me in an hour—sooner if I'm needed for anything," he directed, and the next moment was asleep.

At three o'clock the adjutant shook him, gently at first, then more vigorously. The colonel did not stir. "I'm sorry, sir—but your hour is up," exclaimed the officer.

"Ah, let him sleep on until the artillery breaks loose," put in the executive officer. "The C. O. is a wreck—and he's got a tough stretch ahead of him. . . ."

"WHERE'S the commanding officer?" A sharp, biting demand cut in upon them from the mouth of the dugout as they stood over their sleeping colonel. The two young staff officers turned to find themselves looking into the flashing eyes of the brigade commander, who had entered silently, as was his habit when he came to this regiment on a surprise visit of inspection.

"Sir, he's here—getting a little much-needed sleep, sir," stammered the adjutant.

"Sleep?" the general all but shrieked. He looked down to see the sleeping regimental commander, and his voice changed to one of contempt. "Perhaps," he sneered, "the colonel could be induced to wake up, especially since there is a battle approaching I wish to discuss with him. Here, Blackridge, what's this about!"

COLONEL BLACKRIDGE opened his eyes and lay staring up at the general in a bewildered way.

"I take it, Blackridge, that you must be ill to act this way—very ill," the general snapped. "I can think of no other sane reason for your conduct, since you are not a drinking man."

There was no response for a moment. Colonel Blackridge lay there looking up, a blank stare on his face. "I'm sick," he affirmed presently in a murmur, and closed his eyes.

General Balling stood over the colonel uncertainly, relieving his tension by fanning the air with his riding crop, looking incredulous, astounded by the unprecedented situation. He reached a decision quickly.

"Have the regimental surgeon report here immediately!" he instructed the adjutant. "Instruct him that it is my command he make a thorough examination for record. Get that! Temperature, pulse, all symptoms." He turned abruptly away, pausing a moment to snap back at them from the exit, "I'll be here shortly for his report—in person!"

The colonel opened his eyes and sat up, blinking. He arose slowly and shook his head vigorously to clear his brain of the daze. "I had a kind of uncomfortable feeling that the general was in the dugout," he said. "I must have been dreaming."

"Sir, you were just talking with the general," said Captain Maynard uneasily.

"What are you saying, Maynard?" Colonel Blackridge demanded, looking quizzically at Maynard through squinting, swollen eyes.

"Sir, the general came in here suddenly, without warning," Maynard explained. "He found you asleep, sir, and you told him you were sick."

Colonel Blackridge became wide-awake. "Why, Maynard, that's out of the question," he objected. "I couldn't have said that. I'm not sick—I wouldn't take refuge in such subterfuge."

The regimental surgeon came in, carrying his kit, in confirmation of Captain Maynard's words. The colonel looked at the doctor with growing perplexity and concern.

"Sir, the general had the surgeon sent in here for a medical examination," Captain Maynard went on. "He said it was for—for record, sir."

"But I'm not sick, Doctor—just fairly tired," explained the colonel, now thoroughly aroused. "It's unnecessary to examine me. If I made any such statement—I—I—don't know it. I must have been more asleep than awake, but I'll not hide behind such pretense, no matter what the consequences."

"My orders are to examine the colonel, sir," persisted the medical officer. "I have no choice, sir, as you will understand."

As he seated himself, since there was no alternative, for the examination, Colonel Blackridge was racked not by fear of an impending end of his military career on the eve of battle so much as the growing humiliation of his dilemma. Trapped at last by a hostile commander under circumstances that challenged his integrity, his honor as a gentleman and a soldier; that outraged every idea of conduct he had held sacred throughout his lifetime. He nearly snapped the small glass thermometer with his teeth, and his fingers dug involuntarily into the gilded tapestry of a period chair as the general appeared without warning in the dugout and stood looking at him with suspicion clearly written in the harsh lines of his face.

The instant the doctor finished with him and removed the thermometer from his mouth, Colonel Blackridge stood up, stiffly at attention.

"SIR, if I made any statement that I was sick," he addressed his commander coolly, "I was not conscious of doing so. I am very tired, but not sick. I trust the general will understand."

"Perhaps," leered the general, with the shadow of a cynical smile—"perhaps your explanation, Colonel, would be more impressive if given at the time—before it occurred to me to have the doctor in. His report will explain—"

"What do you know about this?" broke in the medico, his professional zeal getting the better of his awe of rank. He held the little glass thermometer up to the light "Temperature 103 plus. Nearly four. Colonel, you're overdue at hospital."

General (*Continued on page 41*)

The sergeant leaped to his feet. "Climb on and ride!" he shouted at the top of his lungs. "We're going up!"

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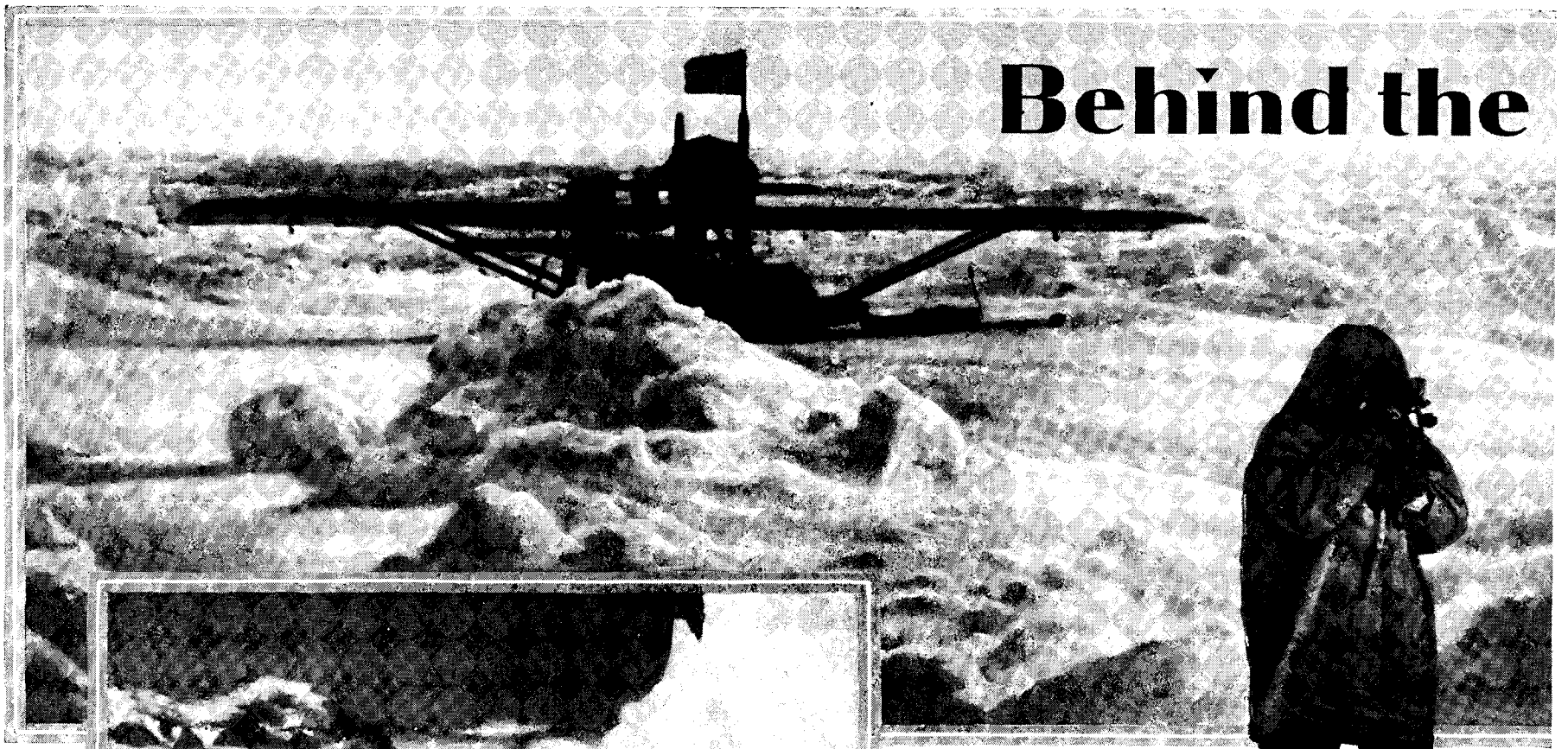
Behind the

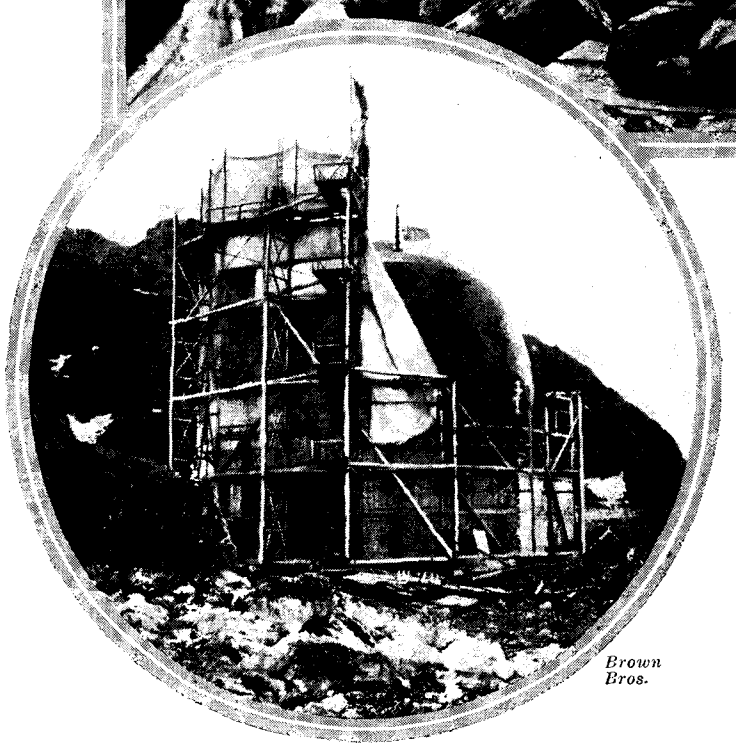


Mutiny may prove the most hazardous possibility that faces an explorer. The ultimate fate of Henry Hudson, his son and seven others set adrift by mutinous sailors in Hudson's Bay never will be known

From the painting by Collier—Brown Bros.

In the white North lie the bones of Roald Amundsen, above, veteran of both poles, who was lost when he set out to rescue Umberto Nobile

U. & U.



Brown Bros.

A little more than thirty years ago Major Andrée and his companions took off from Spitzbergen in this balloon, equipped for all emergencies. They counted on the wind to blow them over the top of the world. But they were never heard of again

Captain Robert Scott kept a diary to within a few hours of his death in the Antarctic. His final entry was "It seems a pity but I do not think I can write more. For God's sake look after our people. R. Scott"

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Ice Walls

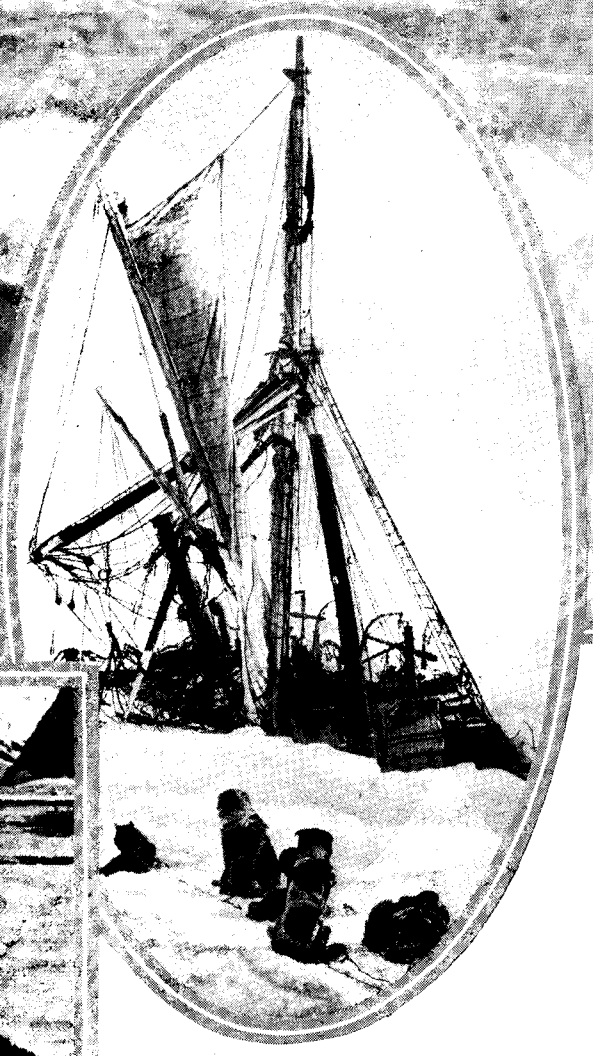
The polar wastes have ever stirred the imagination of men and caused them to pit their strength and endurance against the challenge of the icy unknown. Many of those who have ventured forth have never returned. Their fate has remained hidden in the grip of the Arctic or Antarctic.

Capt. Sir John Franklin, who at sixty led the largest and most disastrous expedition to find the Northwest Passage. Why the crew of his two vessels, 129 men, should have all perished remains a mystery. Beneath the picture are relics found four years later

Brown Bros.

The grave of Sir Ernest Shackleton, on a desolate and uninhabited island just above the Antarctic Circle, is marked by a plain wooden cross and a cairn of small stones

Underwood & Underwood

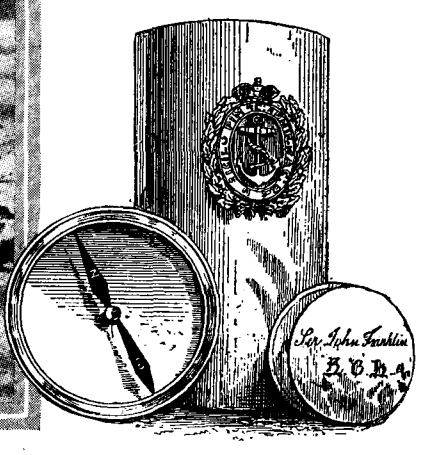


Shackleton's vessel, the Endurance, going down in the Weddell Sea. This photograph was made in August, 1915, just before the crushed vessel slipped down through a widening crack in the ice. All hands abandoned her before she sank

Frank Hurley—U. & U.

Four years after he and his men were swallowed up by the Arctic, relics of Franklin's expedition were found. Only skeletons remained with some clothing, boots and other inedible articles. (Below) Compass, certificate plate and piece of flannel found by later explorers

Brown Bros.



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Bad News

By Hugh McNair Kahler

A Short Short Story

Illustrated by Cornelius Hicks

He was eager to be rid of McDeed; he almost pushed him outside, shutting the door in the middle of a sentence

DEATH came into the sorry little store, death disguised as a small, neat man in a plush-collared overcoat and a prim gray hat. Through rimless eyeglasses a pale gaze, troubled and reproachful, told Mr. Bigby that the time had come to abandon hope.

"We didn't get that check," said the precise voice. To Mr. Bigby it was not the jobber's collector who spoke, but a black-robed judge, grave and terrible, and what he said was: "Stand up, James Bigby. Have you anything to say before sentence is pronounced upon you?"

Mr. Bigby tried to straighten his bowed, narrow shoulders.

"No," he said. "I didn't get around to it, but—"

"You got four-hundred-odd from Halloran on Tuesday," said the collector. "You were acting as our agent in that deal. If you kept the money, I'm afraid—"

Mr. Bigby moved hands and shoulders in a hopeless gesture.

"I kept it," he said. "I'll make it good to your firm, Mr. McDeed, if they'll give me time to turn around, but I had to use it right then."

"I'm sorry," McDeed clicked tongue and teeth. "If the money isn't in the first mail tomorrow the firm'll swear out a warrant. I came around on my way home to tell you because I hate to see you finish this way. Can't you raise it somehow, tonight, and—"

Bigby shook his head. "I couldn't raise fifty, Mr. McDeed. I guess you'll have to go ahead. I don't blame your firm. They've been pretty white to me."

McDeed hesitated. His lean, prim face became almost friendly.

"How about your boy?" he asked. "Where is he? Can't he do anything?"

"Ernie isn't in this." Mr. Bigby spoke roughly. "It's my business. Leave him out of it."

THE rebuff did not silence McDeed. "Bigby, we've known each other quite a while. I've kept my mouth shut while I watched you bleeding your business to death, but I'm not going to see you go to state's prison if I can help it. You send Halloran's money to Ernie. Maybe he hasn't spent it yet. Get hold of him tonight and tell him how things stand. If you can get it back, or even part of it, the firm might—"

"Ernie isn't in this," said Bigby.

"He is," said McDeed. "He's your son. If you go to the pen it's bound to affect him. And there's no use trying to pretend to me that he isn't the reason why you're going there. If you hadn't been robbing your business for three years and more, this wouldn't have happened. You had a first-rate trade here: you'd have it now if you gave yourself a chance—if you got in some new stock, smartened up the place a bit, had a man to help you. You've murdered a decent little concern to get money for Ernie, and now you're going to jail for the same reason. Don't do it, Bigby. Get hold of the boy tonight and tell him—"

"No!" Bigby spoke harshly. McDeed's face darkened.

"Any boy that would let his father do this for him isn't worth—"

"D'you think Ernie knows?" Bigby laughed. "I guess not! I've had to do some pretty tall lying to stand you off, all this while, but it's nothing compared to the way I've had to lie to Ernie! They don't come any better, McDeed. I'm through, all right; I'm a failure and you're going to jail me tomorrow, but I've got one thing nobody can take away—I've raised a mighty fine boy and put him through the best college there is! That's where the money's gone, McDeed! That Halloran check helped to pay Ernie's college bill. I stole it, maybe. Well, I'd have done more than steal, if I'd had to, sooner than take Ernie out of school now! I don't care about anything else, but before I'd have Ernie's chance spoiled I'd—I'd—"

He stopped. When you were going to do what James Bigby would surely do before tomorrow, you didn't put it into words.

"How about Ernie?" suggested McDeed. "How do you think he's going to look at it when he finds out?"

"He's going to hate it, of course. But that doesn't matter. He can't help himself. He can't help being what I've made him, knowing what he's learned—and that's all that counts. I'm whipped, all right, but I've got the only thing I wanted and nobody can take it away from me!"

"Do you think he'll stay in college and graduate, when he knows about you? He's got almost a year ahead of him. How—"

"He'll go through! I've fixed that. He'll have to." Bigby laughed shortly. "I've failed at everything else, but not this job, McDeed. And this is all I care about."

He was eager, now, to be rid of McDeed. He came out from behind the counter and moved the door, holding it open while the prim little man tried to maintain the argument; he almost pushed him outside, shutting the door in the middle of a sentence.

Then he took one of his store letterheads and wrote to Ernie. It was queerly easy to find the words:

I'm doing this because it's the only way to make sure you'll go through with college and what comes afterward. I guess it ought to show you how much I want you to do it. But don't get the notion that I'm doing it on account of you. I'm doing it for myself. It's the only thing I want, and I want it so bad that I'd do this twice over to be sure of getting it. Don't waste any time feeling bad about it. I'm not sorry for myself—I'm feeling grand, Ernie; I'm winning, and it's a great feeling. I'm not afraid you'll cheat me out of it, and nobody else can.

He sealed and addressed an envelope. Beside it on the littered desk he laid a life-insurance policy. Three thousand dollars would be plenty to see Ernie through, and that suicide clause didn't count, now that the policy had been in force three years. He filled his lungs, the sense of triumph still strong and hot within him.

He went out to the darkened store and fumbled in a cabinet behind the counter. Revolvers didn't always do their job but you could put a lot of faith in a shotgun. Two barrels . . . buckshot. . . .

THE triumphant glow was with him when he came into the office. He wasn't afraid, as he sat down, the loaded gun upright between his knees. Only as he ordered his hand to reach downward to the triggers did doubt come to him, doubt and fear. His arm wouldn't obey him. He was suddenly cold and frightened and sorry.

The rebellious scorn of the little store, the hatred he had felt toward his helpless slavery to it, these were gone. He discovered a kind of affection for the dusty row of bill-files on the shelf, the desk, the books at his elbow.

A good little business. Even now, with a bit of cash and somebody to help, it would pay. He and Ernie could get a comfortable living out of it; if he hadn't been so desperately set on making a gentleman out of Ernie they might have had a pretty good time together. Even now, if—no, too late to think about that. Tomorrow, if the police found James Bigby alive, it would all be wasted. Ernie'd have to quit college, see his father go to jail, the business would be gone and Ernie'd have to hunt a cheap, mean job instead of running a store of his own. Only one way out, now—only one way—

SOMEBODY shook the shop door just as James Bigby's unwilling arm stretched slowly downward. He hesitated. Better wait. If that late customer heard a shot he might break in, fetch a doctor in time to keep Bigby alive. Better wait till he gave it up and went away.

But the rattling persisted. James Bigby yielded to a queer sentimental impulse. It would be like saying good-by to the store, telling it he was sorry, if he waited on one late customer, dropped a few final dimes into the cash drawer. He stood the gun in a corner, covered the papers on the desk, went out to the door.

"Ernie!" His voice was like a frog's croak. "Ernie! What you doing here?"

The boy came past him into the darkened shop without answering.

"You've got to know." Ernie spoke doggedly. "I'd sooner tell you myself, although I'd rather be shot, after all you've done. I'm fired. Flunked the mid-term tests. Can't even go back next year. I'm too dumb, the dean says." He laughed shortly. "I found that out a long way back. I knew I wasn't cut for college, but you—well, I saw how you felt about it, and I did my darnedest to make good for you. But all along I'd rather have been right here, helping you with the store."

He produced a folded check. "I made 'em give me back a rebate on the bill. I'm dumb, all right, but not dumb enough to let 'em keep your money without earning it. There's five hundred and six bucks here. Of course I know it won't make you feel any better—I know this'll just about kill you, but—"

James Bigby heard himself laughing softly. His fingers closed on the check.

"It won't kill me, Ernie," he said. "I don't feel as bad about it as you might think either. Honest, Ernie, some ways, I'm—I'm kind of glad."

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The Mauling Mystery

By Grantland Rice

The man who could knock Dempsey groggy in one round and who lost to Risko is the enigma of the ring. Here is the story of the great in-and-outer, Jack Sharkey

A few weeks later Sharkey had Dempsey groggy in the first round

JACK SHARKEY, the Boston heavyweight, has puzzled more ring scientists than any boxer or fighter that ever lived. Here is the man who might have been heavyweight champion more than a year ago, the fighter who might have knocked out Jack Dempsey in two or three rounds and then traveled on to whip Gene Tunney and stand as one of the greatest all-around boxers from Sullivan to date.

Sharkey, the heavyweight, at certain times has shown all the smash and rip of Dempsey at his best and on other occasions has shown more speed and ring genius and natural physical qualities than Tunney ever possessed. And yet as the campaign of 1929 opened this same Sharkey still found himself as one of the struggling contenders in a second-rate field.

Over two years ago Sharkey made his first bid for prominence by getting a decision over the gigantic George Godfrey and a few weeks later by stepping in front of Harry Wills, the Black Scourge, and hammering him all over the ring. And that was at the time when Harry Wills in many quarters was considered the top of the heap.

The battling Gob showed absolutely no fear of the massive black who had been murdering white heavyweights in a round or two. Weighing 190 pounds, beautifully rigged out with a strong, elastic body, faster than any other heavyweight around, the Boston entry apparently had every qualification that a champion needs. Within two months he had fought his way past Godfrey and Wills, supposed to be the two main barriers in the road. He slipped past the crafty Mike McTigue, who had just knocked out Paul Berlenbach, and moved along to a great exhibition against Jim Maloney, stopping Maloney in a few rounds. And Maloney at that time was at his crest, a fast, hard-hitting heavyweight who had cleaned out most of the other contenders.

Not Worried About Dempsey

I saw Sharkey just a few days before he met Jack Dempsey in their famous New York fight back in July, 1927. Sharkey was being rubbed down after a work-out when he called me over. "You know," he said, "I didn't have to meet this fellow to have a crack at Tunney. Rickard promised me the shot at Tunney if I got by Maloney."

"Then why take the chance?" I asked.

"Because," Sharkey said, "I know I can lick him. Do you think I'd have risked the fight unless I knew I could lick him," he asked aggressively, "when I had a sure chance at Tunney and the title anyway? I figure this fight with Dempsey will be just what I need to be right, in addition to the extra money. But I didn't have to take it unless I wanted it."

At the end of the first round against Dempsey, Sharkey's dope seemed to be 100 per cent correct. In place of outboxing the old Manassa Mauler, Sharkey sailed in like a young tornado, swarmed all over Dempsey, nailed him with rights and lefts, drove him against the ropes and finished the first round with Dempsey groggy and half-reeling, dazed and battered and bewildered. Sharkey had come closer to knocking out Dempsey in one round than Tunney had in ten at Philadelphia.

In that first round against Dempsey, Sharkey looked to be the greatest fighter in the world. He had torn into the greatest slugger of the age and had outslugged him, outboxed him and left him reeling over the edge of the precipice.

And then the first of the strange changes in Sharkey's tide of affairs took place. After that first round he began to slip backward. With the fight in his hands, in either hand, he lost something of that first amazing flash, and from that point on Sharkey has been one of the mysteries of the ring. Even to concede that Dempsey's punches in the seventh round landed too low doesn't explain Sharkey's lapse as the third, fourth and fifth rounds moved along. In the seventh round in place of dropping to one knee and claiming a foul he merely dropped both hands, turned his head to the referee in complaint, and left himself wide open for a knockout.

From the Dempsey fight on Sharkey's ring record has been one of the most inconsistent that any first-class heavyweight has ever made. When the next eliminations were started—after Tunney again had beaten Dempsey in Chicago—Sharkey failed to get better than a draw against Tom Heeney. Sharkey has always been a better boxer than Heeney, a harder puncher, a far faster workman in every way, a better all-around ringman.

Even after that showing Tex Rickard was still certain that Sharkey was the best bet, the best drawing card, to throw against Tunney and so he allowed Sharkey to pick his own opponent for the next and conclusive test, with the Tunney fight and the heavyweight title as the big prize. Sharkey picked Risko. He had already outpointed Risko by a wide margin. He had shown himself to be a far better boxer than Risko, a harder puncher, a better all-around fighter. "If there is one palooka in the world I can lick," he told Rickard, "it's Risko."

The morning of the Risko fight Sharkey was in Rickard's office, discussing terms for the Tunney fight. "Wait till you lick Risko," Tex said, "then we'll talk about it."

"I'll run that guy out of the Garden in four rounds," was Sharkey's answer.

Sharkey Still Rates High

But that night Sharkey again put up a listless, indifferent fight as if he didn't care a rap who won. Now and then he would come to life and make the Cleveland baker look like a novice. Then there would come a slump for two or three rounds before another rally came. Sharkey lost the decision and the chance for the big shot against the man he seemed to feel sure that he could beat. He proved in two or three rounds that he could outbox, outhit and outspeed Risko, but with a shot at the championship and a million-dollar title at stake he acted as if he was completely indifferent to the result.

A few weeks later, after Heeney had been awarded the Tunney fight, Sharkey came out like a wild man and stopped Jack Delaney in one round.

The strange part of it all is that despite three or four failures in succession Sharkey was again rated the best of the heavyweights after Tunney retired. His low spots had been extremely low. But his high spots had been far above the best stuff any of the others had shown. He had proved that he had more than any of the others, when in the mood to use it.

Any number of explanations were offered to explain the great in-and-outer. There were plenty who said he had everything but the heart. Yet when the other white heavyweights were ducking Godfrey and Wills, Sharkey met and whipped them both. When no heavyweight was willing to step in and mix it with Dempsey, Sharkey came near stopping the Old Mauler in a round with the most savage assault Dempsey was ever called upon to face, barring possibly the Firpo whirlwind.

There were others who said that Sharkey had made too much money, that he had several hundreds of thousands of dollars packed away and that his early ambition had been killed.

Yet within two years he had shown so many flashes of ring genius that Tex Rickard was willing to guarantee him $100,000 to meet young Stribling.

With this strange career behind him, it was Sharkey who held greater general interest than anyone else, when the new season opened, as a possible successor to Tunney. But even Rickard wasn't sure whether he had a fighter who would lose to some second-rater early in the year, or who would come through as one of the ring sensations of the decade.

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Marriage for Two

By Arthur Somers Roche

The Story Thus Far: SHORTLY after an interview in which Helen Wilson tells Larry Tracy that she wishes to break their engagement so that she can marry the rich, middle-aged Frank Burton, and Larry swears, in pique, to marry the first girl who will have him, he rescues from a park bench a poverty-stricken and starved though beautiful girl, Joyce Carroll. A few days later they are married, agreeing that the marriage in reality will be nothing more than a friendship.

Shortly they sail for Biarritz where Joyce gains great popularity and where Larry finds himself falling in love with her—once impulsively taking her in his arms, much to her displeasure—despite evidence of her strange past. A man named Ratty Rogan, in New York, tries unsuccessfully to tell Larry something of his wife and in Biarritz Joyce gives 40,000 francs to a woman of the demimonde and tells Larry she lost the money at the gambling tables.

Helen Wilson and her fiancé come to Biarritz and one evening Larry kisses her, witnessed by Paul Weedon, who spreads the story, though Larry tells Joyce first. Burton threatens to ruin Larry unless Joyce will promise to keep him from Helen. Joyce promises.

And that night Larry wakes Joyce, before the police come, to tell her that Paul Weedon was found dead at the foot of a cliff where at different times that evening he had been talking to Joyce, to Larry and to Billy Valdemagara, a Spaniard in love with Joyce.

Illustrated by Joseph Simont

"How could I be angry with my husband? If he had kissed his sister would I be angry?"

IX

A COUPLE of hours after he had met her, Tracy had seen this girl, who was now his wife, in bed. As she stared up at him now he saw something that had not been in her eyes, when, starving, she had entrusted herself to his care. Then he had marveled at the courage that could summon mockery to the black eyes with the deep shadows beneath them. She had even jested at the fact that she, who had spoken of her virtue, should have been in his bedroom an hour later.

That was because, he knew, she had trusted him, had no fear of him. But now there was stark alarm in her expression. The intimacies that had sprung up between them since their marriage, intimacies that despite their strange bargain necessarily arose between two who traveled in the same suite on an ocean liner, who shared the same hotel apartment and villa, had never frightened her.

But this morning—yesterday morning it had become—he had undermined her confidence in him. Gifted with a knack at self-analysis, he had little understanding of the ways of others. Further, he was romantic, the sort of man who must enshrine the object of his love. It was this that had held him back, always, from sordid affairs with women. And one does not learn about women, unfortunately, from avoidance of them. The spectator may learn the rules, but he does not learn to play the game.

Always examining into his own heart, questioning his own motives, he had great incapacity for understanding the motives of others. Chivalry, after all, unhappy though the realization may be, consists usually of one part decency to nine parts of unsophistication.

FOR, had Larry Tracy been able to look coldly at the spectacle of himself and Joyce, he would have said that she was deliberately provocative. When normal people enter in an abnormal arrangement, they must act abnormally if the arrangement is to persist. But Joyce breakfasted with Larry in her own dressing-room or bedroom. She let him see her in various stages of negligee that did not decrease her charm. She was either the most natural woman that ever breathed, or else she was a most deliberate coquette, but he, being what he was, merely thought her natural. He believed that her trust in him was so profound that it never entered her pretty head that he would think of violating their agreement.

Her limp coldness in his embrace yesterday morning had tended to confirm this belief of his, and now the horror in her eyes made this belief more definite.

"Understand?" he repeated.

Her first impression seemed to leave her. The fear in her eyes gave way to bewilderment. Then their black depths lightened as the fog of sleep rolled away. She sat up in bed, drawing closer an open pajama collar.

"Weedon is dead?" she said.

"Murdered, Billy says," he told her.

"And you—you want me to deny that I was out on the cliff?"

He nodded.

"But why?" she demanded. "What possible difference does it make whether I was out there or not?" Then an interpretation of his excited insistence came to her, and she laughed aloud. "Surely you don't think *I* murdered him?"

"Good Heavens, no!" he exclaimed. "But the French police . . ."

"You mean they'll think so? Larry, don't be ridiculous. Why should they think that?"

"The police have seen Billy—questioned him—if you say you were out on the cliff . . ."

She eyed him closely. "Do they know that you struck Weedon?"

"Probably," he admitted.

"Then you don't want them to know that *you* were out there and found me?"

He looked reproachfully at her.

"Please, Joyce. You know I wouldn't ask you to lie to save me from anything."

Some imp of perversity prompted her response:

"How do I know that? A man who will go to the woman who jilted him, make a spectacle of himself for all Biarritz—"

"Now that," he interrupted, "is the first unworthy thing I've ever heard you say."

"How do you know it's unworthy? And unworthy of whom—and what? Unworthy of you? How do I know what's worthy of you? And how do you know what's unworthy of me?"

"How do I know," he countered, "that the sun will rise in the morning?"

"FOR three o'clock in the morning—it's about that, isn't it?—that is a pretty speech," she smiled. "Well, for a man who can be gallant at such an hour, one must make concessions. It was unworthy of me, Larry. I know you're not trying to protect yourself from any accusation. At least," her eyes narrowed, "I wouldn't want to think so. Larry, you didn't by any chance kill Weedon, did you?"

"If you know I'm not trying to protect myself from an accusation, why do you ask that question?" he inquired.

"I don't know," she replied. "I shouldn't have. Only—"

"Suppose I *had* killed Weedon?" he asked.

Her reply frightened him, almost, in its intensity.

"Then," she said, "I would commit every perjury for you."

"You'd do that?" He could not keep amazement from his tones.

"After all, you know," she reminded him, "we're married to each other."

"But perjury—Joyce, do you—care for me?"

She laughed, and none who overheard the gayety of her voice could have dreamed that a moment ago it had been searing in its intensity.

"Larry, what a child you are! Wouldn't any woman lie to save her husband from the charge of murder? After all, to be a murderer's wife—or widow—is not exactly an entrancing prospect."

"So that's it?" His voice was adolescent in its hurt surprise.

"Well, it could hardly be the other, could it?" she gibed.

If, for a moment or so, she had seemed to lose command of the situation, she was mistress of it now.

He abandoned side issues.

"You'll say you weren't out there, then?"

She shook her head.

"Larry, you want to avoid scandal, *don't you?*"

"That's pretty evident," he said.

"But you can't, my dear boy. *We* can't. Weedon told too many people—I'm not chiding, or scolding, or reminding you now—but the fact is that practically everyone at the Reserve tonight

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The Prefect of Police leaned forward. "Madame," he said, "is a woman of great understanding. Madame should be French"

knows that you and Helen —well, knows all about it. And you may be sure that all of them didn't resent Weedon as Billy Valdemagara did."

"What did he do?" demanded Larry quickly.

"What you did: struck Weedon."

"Did he tell you?"

She thought a moment.

"No-o, he didn't exactly say so. At least, I don't remember that he said it in so many words. Perhaps he did, though. Anyway, his hand was bleeding and—he didn't deny it when I guessed. Why?" The question was an afterthought prompted by his strange expression.

"I DON'T know— Billy struck him, eh? When was that, do you know?"

"Before we went swimming. At least, he told me about it before we went to the Casino. Larry, you aren't thinking—"

"I don't know what I'm thinking," he interrupted.

"Billy isn't the type to do murder," she said.

"I haven't said he was, have I?"

"Larry, say what you do or don't mean, please," she cried.

"But I'm telling you—I'm too bewildered. Of course Billy didn't do it. But—someone did, and—"

Through the house reverberated the tones of a bell. Resaurie's owners had not been able to resist, at some antique shop in near-by Bayonne, the attractions of a bell that once had graced some monastery high in the Pyrenees. They had placed it, most incongruously, in the arched doorway of the villa. No one ever used it. An obvious electric button drew the modern finger even more quickly than the ancient bell drew the beauty-loving eye.

But tonight someone was lifting the great clapper and letting it swing against the brazen sides. Joyce thought of high-flown passages in romantic literature where bells heralded doom. . . .

"What on earth is that?" she gasped.

On the door of Larry's room sounded excited knocking. He called a question, received a reply and turned to Joyce. But she had caught the words, "The Prefect of Police," and understood them.

"Billy didn't anticipate them by very long, did he?" she laughed. She was as cool, thought Larry, as though nocturnal police visitations were no novelty to her. He caught himself wondering if they were. Girls who knew men like Rogan, who gave money to creatures like the courtesan in the Casino yesterday. . . .

"Remember, you weren't out on the cliff—"

"Remember that we *were*, both of us," she said. "Don't you suppose they'll question other people? Why on earth are they coming here unless they already know that there was a quarrel between you and Weedon? That means they've already questioned other people. This is a *murder*, Larry. Murders aren't lightly dismissed. Any trifling falsehood will seem important. We can't avoid scandal. Well, let's not invite something graver than that."

Her cool logic impressed him, even while it angered him. How could she think so clearly at a moment like this? Of course, she was right. One cannot lie to police investigating a murder without subjecting one's self to gravest suspicion.

HE HATED himself for the unbidden thoughts that came to him. He loved her. And why, loving her, should he have doubts about her? Ah, but he'd already answered that question. No matter what she was, he must love her, and this was the hideous thing about love, this love.

"You get into something—something warm," he said. "I'll go downstairs."

Even while he thought of her well-being, his other thoughts brought harshness to his voice. The trembling maid who waited on the landing shrank from the fierce expression of his face. These mad Americans. So kindly and generous, yet—so savage. But what could one expect of a man, of any nationality, whom the police visited at such an hour? She crossed herself as he passed her, and muttered a prayer in her Basque patois. Then she rushed into Joyce's bedroom to offer assistance to her mistress and perhaps to revel in her mistress' alarm. For surely Madame must be alarmed at such a visitation as this.

In a salon downstairs Larry found awaiting him three truculent individuals, whose ferocity was a matter of barbering merely, and had little to do with their inner beings. Two of them were in uniform and the other was in ordinary civilian clothes. This latter introduced himself with unction. He was the Prefect of Police, and he would, with Monsieur's permission, venture to ask a few questions.

"But," protested Larry, "the hour—"

Ah, Monsieur spoke most justly. But there were matters which were of an importance so great that convenience must not be considered.

For a fleeting second Larry dallied with the idea of asking what was this matter of importance? Then he remembered tales of the excellence of the French espionage system even in times of peace. Perhaps the police did not already know that the Marquis had telephoned, but they were sure to learn, from one of the servants, that the telephone had rung ten minutes ago. The call would be traced to the Marquis. Perhaps a curious Central had already heard the Marquis' warning. No, it was better to be frank.

"Weedon's murder?" he asked.

The Prefect eyed him sternly.

"And what do you know of that deplorable occurrence, Monsieur?"

"Not a thing in the world," said Larry.

"BUT you knew that it happened, eh?" The Prefect rubbed his hands together with anticipatory triumph.

"Why, of course," said Larry with utter innocence. "My friend the Marquis de Valdemagara just telephoned me of the sad happening."

The Prefect's eyes lost their light.

"But of course," he agreed. "The Marquis would naturally inform you, eh? Considering that you were an intimate of the murdered American."

Larry shook his head.

"I wouldn't say that we were intimate. Slight acquaintances, that's all."

The Prefect nodded.

"Not friends?"

Larry shook his head again.

"Most certainly not," he said.

"Enemies?" questioned the Prefect.

"I wouldn't say that either, Monsieur," replied Larry. "One demands of an enemy a character as high as one demands of a friend."

The Prefect beamed upon him. Such phraseology, thoroughly highflown and Gallic, appealed to him.

"Monsieur is a gentleman," he declared. "Shall we sit down?"

The Prefect nodded to the two policemen and their tense attitudes relaxed. They took chairs, however, near the door. The very thought of flight might be ridiculous, but they were taking no chances of an attempt at escape, Larry noted. He took a chair by the fireplace, bent over and touched a match to the wood laid there, and straightened up to find the eyes of the Prefect fixed upon him.

"It is always well, Monsieur, to be frank," said the Prefect.

Larry bowed. There seemed to be no other answer to this statement.

"This Weedon—neither friend nor enemy, eh? We have, then, arrived at that," said the Prefect. "One of the type that one does not challenge, but—thrashes, eh?"

"Perhaps," admitted Larry.

"And the reason for the thrashing of Weedon?" inquired the Prefect.

"You spoke of frankness, Monsieur," said Larry. "Why ask a question whose answer you already know?"

"Because it is my duty to do so," was the reply. Into the official's expression there crept a hint of that truculence which had (*Continued on page 38*)

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The Mightiest Dollar

By John B. Kennedy

HARRY TOWNSEND

For fifty years they've called him "Captain" but Robert Dollar, largest individual owner and operator of ships in the world, is a landlubber. His Scotch tenacity and his ability to spot a mark and make it brought him mastery of the seas

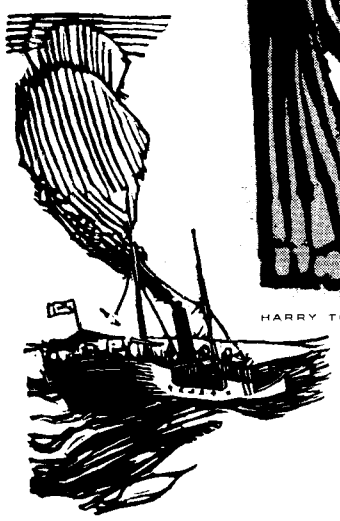
ROBERT DOLLAR was 19, a lone lad, hired out at $10 a month as utility man in the cookhouse of a Canadian lumber camp. And there was trouble.

The technique of his job was simple: up at 4:30 A. M., kindling fires for coffee coppers, swabbing tables and floors after breakfast, toting cans of coffee and pork and beans to the men in the woods, at the runways and flumes.

The technique, as remarked, was simple. The food was monotonous. The men rebelled. A patient crowd, normally—grinning French Canadians and slow-spoken Swedes. But a month of pork and beans is more than enough, and when salt ran out half the men went "night-blind."

Trooping in to supper they balked at platters of pork and beans. A Swede grabbed Bob Dollar's neck, shook him and demanded salt. The youngster hopped into a steaming kitchen. A cockney cook told him there was just enough salt for the foreman. Infuriated the Swede banged one fist on the table and the other on Dollar's head. The youngster staggered. The next moment bone cracked against bone—his knuckles pounded the Swede's jaw, and there was battle.

In whatever unwritten records there are preserved in the northern woods that battle goes down as a draw. From it Robert Dollar emerged a man.



Today, at 85, spare, lank, his hard gray eyes hold the memory of that interrupted duel. A white spade goatee, matching his hair, gives him the appearance of an old-time Yankee skipper. Really, Dollar is more than a skipper — and less. Largest individual owner and operator of ships in the world, he's a landlubbing admiral of commerce, for skipper he is not and has never been, although for the last fifty years they've called him Captain.

"I've no right to be called Captain," he proclaimed as he sat amid the luxury of a hotel suite. "Captains must earn their rank by fighting the sea. I've used water only as a highway for my trade."

A touch of Scotch brogue haunts his speech, the burr of the Highland-born that 70 years has not extinguished.

Haphazard Education

When the manager of the Canadian lumber camp rode up from Ottawa he found Dollar, cookhouse boy, copying sentences from a book on strips of spruce bark. This literateness angered the official until inspection showed that the cookhouse boy had finished his chores completely, thoroughly. He was promoted to assistant foreman. He found the backs of old report sheets a substitute for writing paper and so progressed in his homemade lessons.

Dollar had left Scotland before the days of compulsory education.

"My father," he recalls, "was a good business man. He lost my mother at an early age and usquebaugh, whisky, got the better of him. His business was ruined. I was apprenticed to a mechanic at 11, but I had no mind for that and got off to Canada as soon as I could scrape the pennies to pay steerage on a sailing vessel."

Severance from home ties can be a misfortune at such an age; but his father's example has kept Dollar sober all his life. Through business pilgrimages that have lodged him in the extremes of arctic cold and tropical heat he has remained a teetotaler.

By the time he was 22 Dollar had purchased in Canada a farm as big as a parish. He set up as an independent lumber dealer. Then the United States Government put northern Michigan forests on the market at less than the cost of cutting them. Dollar sunk every cent, and was on his way to riches—had even married as an evidence of prosperity—when a certain Mr. Gould ran amuck in the New York money market, precipitating Black Friday of 1878. Thousands were ruined on call loans, 28-year-old Robert Dollar among them. Without a cent, $2,500 in debt, the grim young Scot who had clutched the hem of the skirt of Fortune, to have it whisked away, became grimmer. He took a job at $60 a month, managing a lumber camp. He borrowed; invested in more lumber lands, hacked and sawed his way through his debts and with spare capital bought thousands of acres in Michigan at $1.25 an acre.

Even now his bony, brick-colored Scotch jaws droop when it is reckoned that this land, which he long ago disposed of, now averages five hundred times the price he paid for it. But Dollarville, Mich., the site of his mills, consoles him as a sprawling monument to his name.

He left naked plains where forests had been. He left something else—a good name. He took sufficient capital to set up business on the Pacific Coast.

Up in the Canadian backwoods they still tell how he rescued a Georgian Bay lumber camp from starvation. Savage storms had cut off the camp from its weekly supplies. Dollar summoned a handful of men, burlapped the hoofs of half a dozen horses and started up a frozen river for relief. A ferocious storm arose before they had gone ten miles. The men mutinied but couldn't return without Dollar to guide them.

He set off alone on snowshoes. The fury of the storm increased and he was blown along the ice and hurled against a snowbank, stunned. When he recovered it was with his right arm broken. He struggled through curtains of snow against a terrific wind. Again he was buffeted into a snowdrift. All but resigned to perish, he made one more feeble attempt to go forward, stumbled from ice to land. Finding ragged shelter behind a knoll he waited hours for the storm to abate, then, with clothes as stiff as armor, he fought his way to a tiny village. Later he led a rescue party which found the men and horses from his camp huddled in mid-river, half frozen to death. The camp got its supplies.

Destined for Success

This stubborn urge to fulfillment of a test once undertaken marked Robert Dollar for what men call success.

Settled in San Francisco and reaching up into Oregon for his lumber, Robert Dollar seemed destined to become a fairly prosperous factor, and nothing more. Competition was keen. But it had been so in Canada. There his far-sightedness gained a lap over business rivals: he had startled the lumber world by hauling logs across half a continent to Quebec to ship them abroad to the British market, and for the first time wooden schooners were seen on the ocean roads riding under mountainous cargoes of wood.

Applying this doctrine of expansion to his Pacific Coast business he experimented, first, with coastwise shipping. Rates were high; on analysis he concluded that if he could sell lumber to shipbuilders at a profit and thereafter pay them for the use of bottoms whose raw material he had provided he might as well build his own ships and carry his own lumber up and down the coast.

So on a day in the very early eighties the first Dollar ship—a doughty four-master—struck the breeze out of San Francisco Bay, cleared for San Pedro. When competitors laughed knowingly and prophesied that the Dollar shirt would be sunk one day with his schooner, Robert Dollar's answer was more schooners.

One afternoon as he sat in his dock-side office studying the manifest of a coastwise schooner from Vancouver, a tall, extremely handsome stranger with a clipped mustache and clever eyes came in to him.

"They tell me," he began, without introducing himself, "that a man may get passage on your ships to the Orient."

"Sorry," Dollar was forced to reply. "Not on one of my ships."

"Well," the stranger smiled whimsically, "if you don't cross the Pacific now you should—if you have vision."

Dollar sat upright, his goatee outthrust like an inverted plume—a trick it has when he concentrates.

"Ships for the Pacific trade are costly and riskful," said he.

"Ships are romance," said the stranger laconically. "The farther they sail, the more romance."

He departed like a fate personified, after dropping his name—Bret Harte.

Strictly, it cannot be said that Dollar took a deep-sea plunge at the urge of a poet; but Bret Harte's aphorism touched a balance of weight in a business judgment already (*Continued on page 47*)

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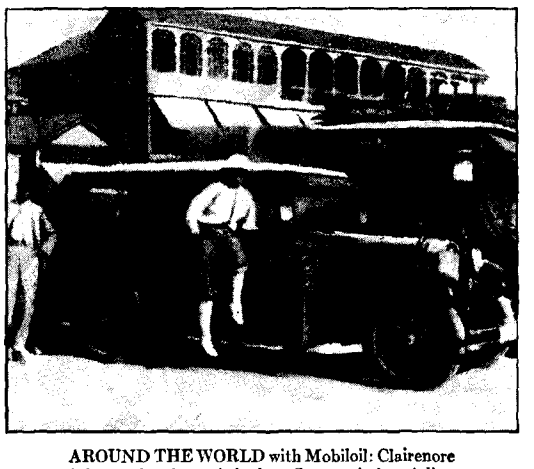
BLAZING AIR TRAILS in South America: Lieut. James Doolittle in a Mobiloil-lubricated Curtiss Hawk has been opening up air routes in Brazil. He was the first to fly over the dangerous, snow-capped Andes range.



AROUND THE WORLD with Mobiloil: Clairenore Stinnes, daughter of the late German industrialist, stops off at the Mobiloil sign in Damascus, Turkey, on her tour of the world.

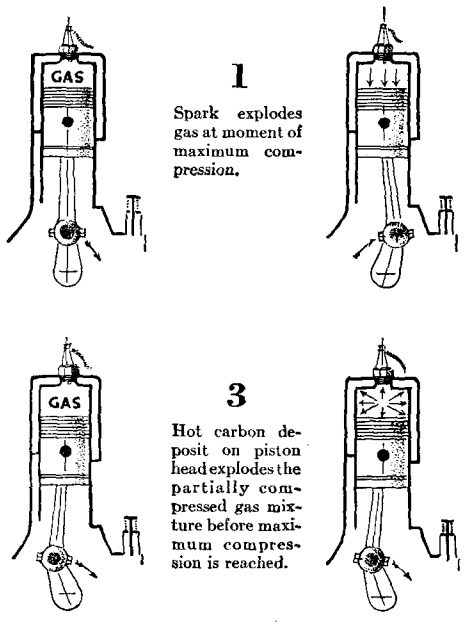
SHOOTING HIGH: Cannon Ball Baker, holder of the round-trip, coast-to-coast stock car record, has now broken the up-Mt. Washington and Lookout Mountain records, driving Mobiloil-lubricated Franklin stock cars.

What causes carbon knocks?

⟨Anti-knock gasoline only *conceals* them⟩

When your engine knocks, you can drown out its cry of warning with anti-knock gasoline, but remember this:

Carbon deposit—*the cause of all the trouble*—is still there. And carbon is one of the dangers that speeds your engine on the way to noisy, feeble old age before its time.


GAS
1
Spark explodes gas at moment of maximum compression.
2
Full force of explosion is then exerted downward on piston head. And this is why carbon causes knocks and waste of power.
GAS
3
Hot carbon deposit on piston head explodes the partially compressed gas mixture before maximum compression is reached.
4
Explosive force is then exerted against piston before it is over top dead center.

Carbon collects when you use a lubricating oil poor in quality—or one not "fitted" to your engine. It works past the pistons excessively and burns, leaving a carbon deposit which "builds up."

Carbon on the piston heads may become so hot that it explodes the partially compressed gas before the piston reaches the top of its compression stroke, before the spark plug sparks.

For example, in a carbon-free engine, the ignition spark and the gas explosions are timed with the piston strokes.

Of course no oil can eliminate gas knock due to mechanical defects or misadjustment. But with Gargoyle Mobiloil in your crankcase the very small amount of oil which may work past the pistons burns cleanly in the combustion chambers eliminating excessive carbon accumulations and preserving the engine power.

Mobiloil's exceptional freedom from carbon deposit is due to two things:

(1) The various grades of Mobiloil are "fitted" to the varying needs of different makes of engines.

(2) Mobiloil is made only from the highest quality crudes.

You are always sure with—

The World's Quality Oil

Mobiloil

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Make this chart your guide

The winter recommendations specified on this chart should be followed from freezing (32° F.) to 0° F. Below 0° F. use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford Model T use "E").

If your car is not listed here, see the complete Mobiloil Chart at your dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1929 Engine		1928 Engine		1927 Engine		1926 Engine	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn, 6-66	.	.	.	.	.	.	A	A
" 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
Buick	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Chandler Special Six	.	.	A	Arc.	A	A	.	.
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chrysler, 4-cyl.	.	.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" Imperial	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	A	A	A
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
De Soto	A	Arc.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Durant	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	.	.	A	Arc.
Erskine	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	.	.
Essex	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford, Model A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	.	.	.	.
" Model T	.	.	.	.	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	BB	BB	BB
Gardner, 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	.	.	.	.	.	.	A	A
Graham-Paige	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	.	.	.	.
Hudson	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
La Salle	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	.	.
Marmon, 8-cyl.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	.	.
" *other models*	.	.	BB	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash, Adv. & Sp. 6	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oakland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Peerless, 72, 90, 91	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Plymouth	A	Arc.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Pontiac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Stearns Knight, 6-80	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	.	.	.	.
" *other models*	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Velie, 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	.	.	.	.
" 6-cyl.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.

Mobiloil

Look for the red Gargoyle trade-mark on the Mobiloil container

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Long Live the Queenie!

By H. C. Witwer

Reel Eleven of "Bigger and Better"—in which Marty Evans gives Ma Davis the shock of her life, and lives to tell the story

"Cutey, you slayed me," grins Jack. "I guess that's what made the rest of them look bad—you was so good"

IN THE Old Testament, gentle readers, it says: "Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing." Now I don't know whether or not Adam and Eve was just a couple of bigger and better baboons, as is claimed by many of their proud descendants, but I *do* know that the Bible's got the wares of them monthly book clubs cheated. Where will you come across such grand stories of love, travel in unknown lands, adventure, war, and the like, as can be found in that Holy Volume? And the answer is no place! A raft of the classicals in the way of novels, poems and plays was dashed off by guys which got their plots from the Old and New Testaments, or read the works of boys which did.

No, I ain't particularly got religion, though I could get worse things than that, but as I've hauled off and took unto myself a blushing bride I'm in a position to agree that "Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing." And believe it or not, in spite of divorce, free love, this companionate gag and all other poisonous modern improvements, matrimony has come to stay. Most of them prancing eggs which raps marriage has failed to make the grade with some charmer and the mere sight of a happy husband sets 'em ablaze!

Of course, you remember me—as Tunney laughingly remarked recently on meeting Tom Heeney abroad—I'm Marty Evans; viz., the triple-threat lad which made Jack King famous at the manly art of busting noses. At the time the following startling events come to pass, my crowd-pleaser had knocked the welter-weight champ stiff in the last frame of a fifteen-round tête-à-tête, but the bell ended the battle before the referee had counted ten.

Jimmy McCabe, the title-holder, was two hundred miles in front till he forgot to duck, so that gong saved his crown. It also saved Jackie the fifty thousand bucks he had put up secretly with the champion's manager, to be forfeited if he won. As if miracles would never cease, Mr. King added another fifty grand to his roll by putting the welter-weight rajah on the floor, and now, with a hundred thousand golden in his kick he was through with the ring forever. My visible means of support was set to take the motion picture industry for a ride and make it like it!

FOR Jack's sensational finish in that title mêlée made him the idol of thousands of fight fans which called him "The Uncrowned Champion" and it also win him a sweet co-starring contract with no less than the traffic-stopping Fay Daniels. Jackie and Fay was soon to team for life, weather permitting, so throwing a epic with his future sparring partner was right in his back yard. It was to be a super-talkie and till that strange form of entertainment fell into the wrong hands, Fay had been just another movie star, but the noisys made this cutey the top box-office wow of the racket.

La Belle Daniels has been going to cavort in Jeanette—i. e., a scream-and-screen version of the big musical comedy hit—but this was shelved for the time being so's her masters could cash in on Jack before the mob turned on him, like the mob does on them it puts over.

Well, they was all hopping to the coast to cook Jack's opera, which I was satisfied would simply turn out to be another chance for the sneering picture reviewers to stage a wise-cracking tourney, for Jannings and them had nothing to fear from Jackie once the cameras was set up. However, I tagged along with 'em on the chance that this dizzy Nordic would listen to reason and toy with the champ once again, which was what the ringworms and sporting writers was clamoring for night and day. When I got a flock of telegrams from matchmakers at Chicago, I tried feeling Jack out.

"These wires won't take 'no' for a answer," I remarks. "Guess who they're from."

"D. W. Griffith and C. B. DeMille," says Jack.

"Get serious, clown!" I snorts. "You're tossing away a fortune, for what?—a chance to get your picture took! What's the sense? New York, Brooklyn, Chicago and Philadelphia is madly bidding against each other to see you and McCabe in a ring again."

"I told you I was through sayin' it with uppercuts," answered Jackie. "And if McCabe cried his eyes out I wouldn't fight him again!"

"Why not?" I demands.

"Because I'm mad at him," says Jack. "He fouled me in the second round at the Garden, didn't he?"

"Well, I'm your manager an—" I begins.

"And you didn't feel that punch!" he interrupts. "Looky here, Marty, I might as well go to the bottom of this, as the guy says while fallin' down the well. As far as leather pushin' is concerned, I'm all washed up. After I act in this bedtime story with Fay, I'm goin' to produce my own movies and dumfound Europe! You're nobody's idiot and you can get yourself a stable of smart scrappers and eat frequent. But a manager's as much use to me now as wings is of use to a chicken. I can count my own pennies and the only one I'm splittin' the plunder with hereafter is Fay!"

"OKAY, you ingrate!" I snarls, knowing it was that pretty lady which ribbed him up to this. "Wait till you begin splitting the grief with her. That's what I rate for putting you in the electric lights, hey? I hope when you go to make that talkie you get laryngitis!"

"Now don't get common, Marty," soothes pugilism's gift to the films. "Even though you used to pilot me, we can still be friends. Maybe I can find a spot for you in my organization, when I get matters under way. I might make you a comedy constructor—you got such a wonderful memory. In any event, you're in for a cut of my ill-gotten gains till our contract runs out in three months. I ain't no burglar."

"But one swell imitation," I growls. "I wouldn't fool you!"

Well, in spite of this pushing around I had to drag shins to Hollywood anyways, for two fairly good reasons: One was to collect my thirty per cent of Jack's five thousand a week photoplay wages and the other was to make Queenie Davis a relative of mine by marriage; to wit, my wife.

In Hollywood, playmates, Queenie's type is common as drug-store gin—a ace looker which had leaped from flash vaudeville girl-acts to the celluloid bathing-beaut yells and from there to the specials, doing cute French maids, hard-boiled telephone girls or whatever and doubling for some stunt-leery star now and again. With appearance, "It," ability and experience, these gamesters pray for the Big Chance, but having neither luck, influence nor the wish to go on them one-guest whoopee parties, they get no place, while the broader-minded Dumb Doras is petted to stardom over their heads. (*Continued on page 28*)

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"Of aid to me in my business"

Samuel W. Reyburn

President, Lord & Taylor, New York City

"Many articles in NATION'S BUSINESS have been of practical and inspirational aid to me in my business.

"It is a splendid business man's magazine."

Project your mind beyond your office door, and into this magazine. You will be surprised how many other minds it will meet! The biggest business men in the country do some of their best thinking in the pages of NATION'S BUSINESS. And many a fat and juicy idea have they left there . . . not once but often! Sharpen your wits against the minds of some of the fastest, clearest thinkers of the day.

In the current February issue, a remarkably gifted group of contributors find commanding viewpoints that give you fresh perspectives . . . John Spargo, long an apostle of Socialism, now concludes that "Socialistic philosophy is unsound, the Socialist program dangerous and reactionary, the Socialist movement a mischievous illusion" . . . Herbert Corey holds a mirror up to the business man who is too well pleased with himself . . . Thirty other articles, reviews and editorials leave you stimulated, actively interested . . . and with a clearer knowledge of the widening circles of industry that may soon be lapping at the door-steps of your own enterprises.

NATION'S BUSINESS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT WASHINGTON BY THE UNITED STATES CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

More than 290,000 circulation

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ MERLE THORPE, *Editor* ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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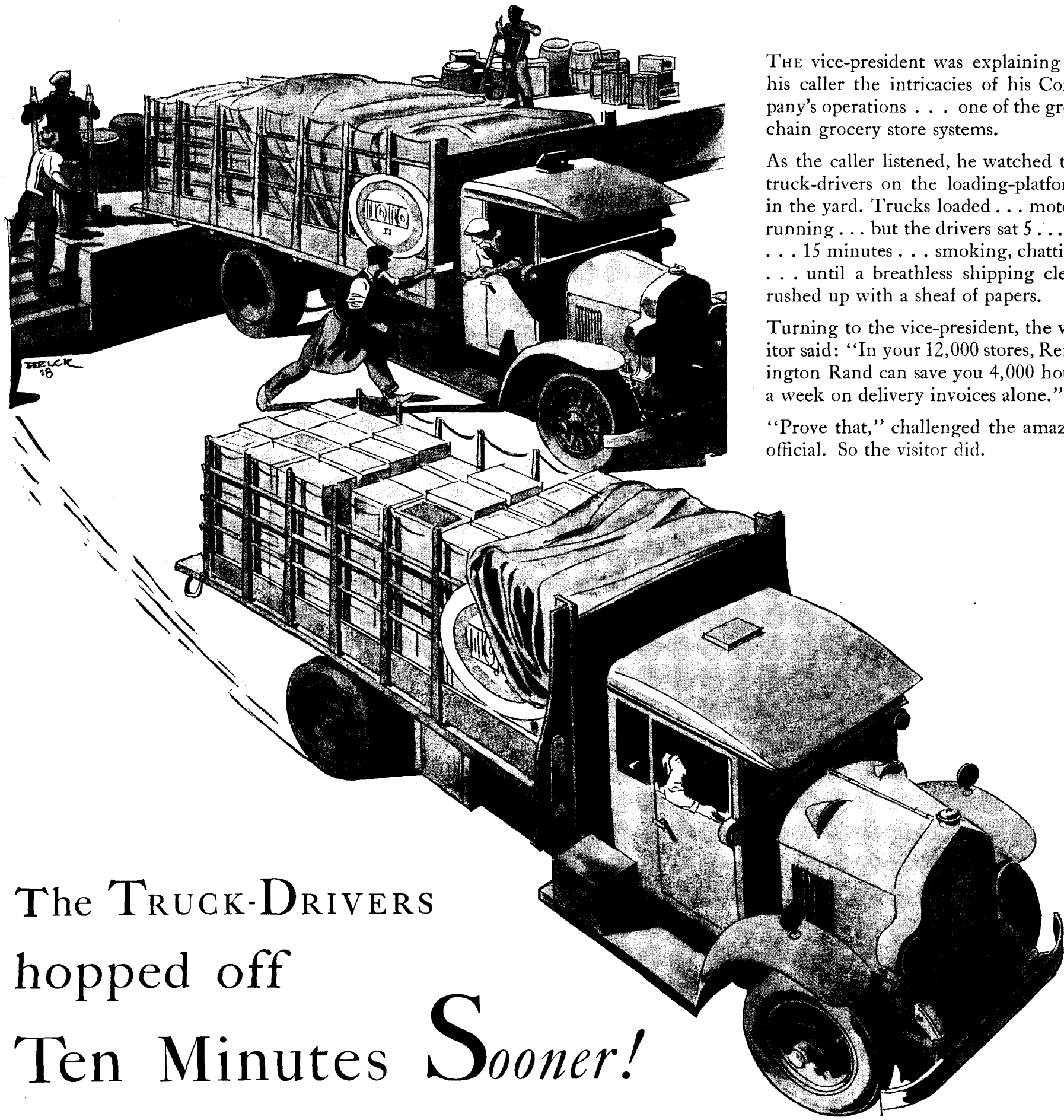

THE vice-president was explaining to his caller the intricacies of his Company's operations . . . one of the great chain grocery store systems.

As the caller listened, he watched the truck-drivers on the loading-platform in the yard. Trucks loaded . . . motors running . . . but the drivers sat 5 . . . 10 . . . 15 minutes . . . smoking, chatting . . . until a breathless shipping clerk rushed up with a sheaf of papers.

Turning to the vice-president, the visitor said: "In your 12,000 stores, Remington Rand can save you 4,000 hours a week on delivery invoices alone."

"Prove that," challenged the amazed official. So the visitor did.

The TRUCK-DRIVERS hopped off Ten Minutes *Sooner!* and the price of eggs dropped 4c

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Installing records that TALKED!

GOING into one of the chain's district warehouses . . . the nerve-centers of the system . . . the Remington Rand man installed a simple, easily operated, yet marvelously complete inventory system with automatic tabulators, sorters, billing devices and other modern devices of control. Two months later, installations were ordered for 59 other warehouses, serving 12,000 stores.

For the first time in the chain's history, its executive had records that TALKED . . . revealed the FACTS of every day's business . . . *every day!*

Grocery prices dropped! Why? Because net profits went up. And this chain's policy is to share its savings with its millions of customers.

The Remington Rand installation cut the time warehouse truck-drivers waited for delivery invoices from 15 minutes to 3 minutes . . . a saving of nearly 5,000 hours a week in delivery service.

With automatic daily inventory, daily sales analysis and profit control, the executives cut the items stocked from 1,200 to as low as 700 in many districts. Cut many stores' shelf-stocks 20% . . . a yearly interest saving of $432,000.

The way to new net Profits . . .

SOME ONE has truly said that the difference between business today and business in your grandfather's day is the difference between records . . . and memory! Certainly, business machinery and modern control-records have made possible the amazing growth of American business this past quarter-century.

But just as certainly, business machinery and business records have a still greater service to perform . . . in opening the way to new net profits as competition grows keener. And it is to this service that Remington Rand is dedicated.

Here, for the first time, are the leaders in the development of modern office and control equipment, working in concert. Here are united their vast experiences and resources . . . their men, methods and knowledge.

Here are the keenest, most ingenious, inventive minds . . . here are the best informed men in America on making, using, filing, protecting control-records . . . welded into one service to American business, big or little . . . one complete service . . . one *unbiased* service of helping uncover new net profits by the common-sense application of better methods and records.

Telephone our nearest office for one of the 4,000 Remington Rand men to come and show you what help this organization offers you. Or write Remington Rand Business Service Inc., Remington Rand Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

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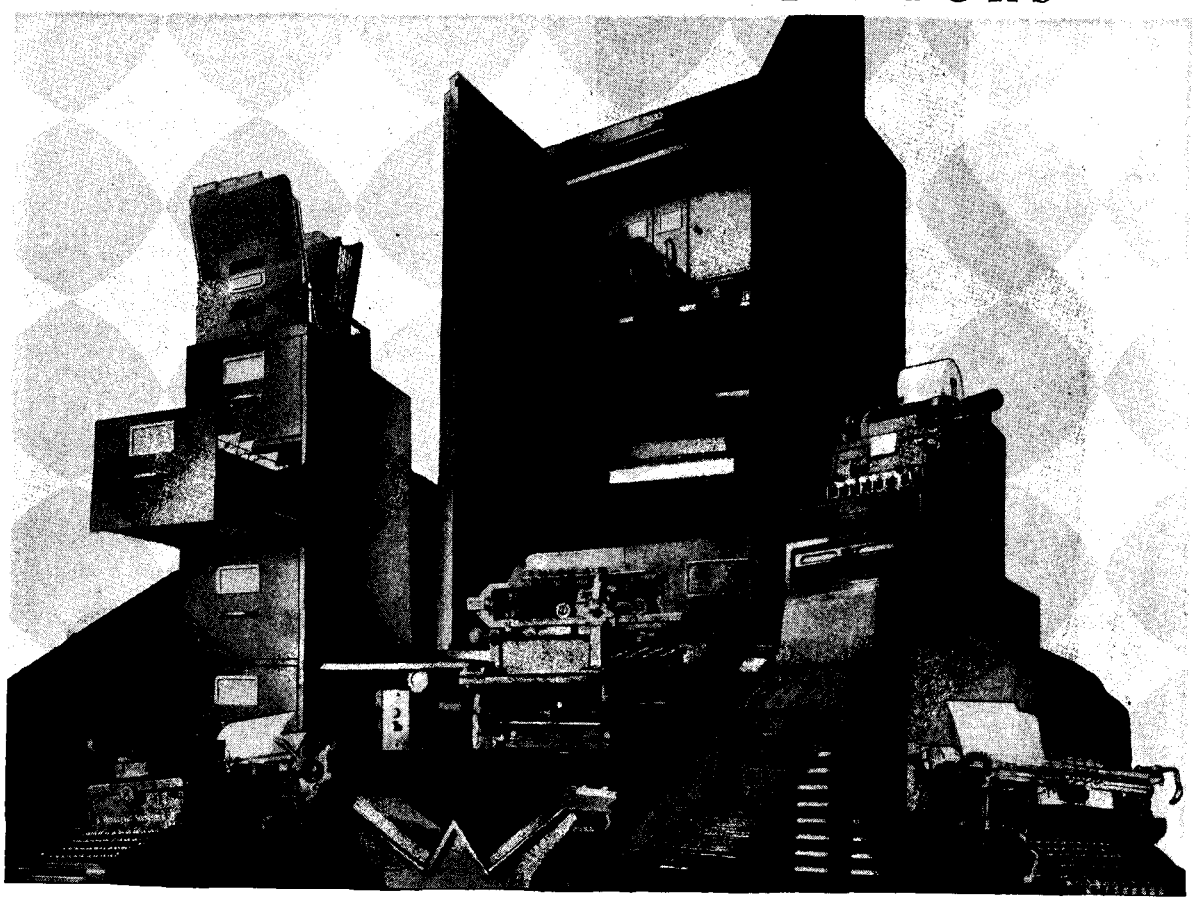
THE GREAT EMANCIPATORS



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(*Continued from page 24*) Queenie's money-mad mother was likewise her shadow, lads and lassies, and she liked me the same way she liked bronchitis. Mrs. Davis seen a life of luxury and ease for herself in her delicious daughter and the fact that this meal-ticket was going to wed anything less than a full-blooded trillionaire had her fit to be handcuffed. She had the old hammer out for me morning, noon and night, but all that done was to make Queenie positive I was a rare catch indeed.

And I hope to tell you I *was*, for that matter! Her dear old thirsty father lived off the earnings of Oscar; namely, a huge and wicked police-dog trouper which held a decision over me and dragged down more salary than many's the human actor. This educated canine practically bossed the home, mind you, eating at the table with the family and snatching choice tidbits right off Queenie's plate without let or hindrance. What with the old lady riding her comely daughter for playing around with me and the old gent bawling out the whole two of 'em for hiding his mock Scotch, I'll have you know they was more battles in Queenie's house daily than they was in the entire war.

WELL, we finally arrived in the land of high fogs and realtors and Fay went to the glittering palace she called home, while me and Jack checked into the nobbiest hotel in the burg. Jackie had picked up a murderous headache on that long and dusty railroad voyage from Manhattan, so I put him to bed and sent for the house medico.

Right away we got the inside on what was a brand-new chump-taker to me! The Big Pill and Capsule Man entered the room and without giving the bedridden Jack as much as a glance he went to work and phoned for a bellhop with cracked ice. Then, while we looked on in amazement, he jumped up, tore off his coat, ruffled his hair, rolled up his sleeves, opened his medicine case and stepped briskly over to Jack. Temperature, pulse. "How long has he had this?" and then the bellhop arrived. The M. D. had the kid bring him water and he solemnly gave Jack a powder. "He'll be all right in a couple of hours; keep him in bed," and he's gone.

"Cheez!" gasps Jack. "He didn't ask for a dime!"

"He'll get his downstairs at the desk," grins the bellhop. "And it'll go on your hotel bill. It'll be enough, brother, don't worry!"

"What did he take off his coat and roll his sleeves up for?" I asks. "You'd think he was going to operate!"

"He'll operate on your bankroll—and how!" the tip-chaser tells us. "That's the old army game. Suppose you think that faker's fee is too stiff for this call. All right, he sues you and claims he worked over you plenty. Then he calls *me* as a witness, that's why he sent for a boy—the cracked ice was only a stall. Well, what can I say under oath? I come in the room and I see the doctor with his coat off, his sleeves rolled up and his hair all mussed, don't I? It must of been a tough case, the doc's all in. That ruins *your* story and he gets a judgment!"

"Well, I'll be a vulgar exclamation!" snorts Jack. "I wish now I'd took a poke at that yegg!"

"Then he'd of tagged you for a *real* fee!" smiles the youth. "In a way, I don't blame them house doctors. They's two sides to the thing and it's the hotel drunks which has made 'em hard. Them babies come here and get hay wire and demand all the attention in the world. They keep the medico up all night tellin' them stories and then when they get all straightened up they want to laugh off his bill."

I give him a buck for his valuable information, and by the witching hour of noon Jackie had recovered enough to take nourishment. So we went down to lunch in the catsy Moorish grill-room, which was packed with movie stars, directors, producers and yokels from the sticks gazing on 'em in awe.

Threading through the tables, we pegged Kempton Calhoun and Melbourne Maxim at one and at Maxim's bellered invitation we sat down with 'em, though Calhoun uptowned us. His real name was Pete Dugan and he was one of the big outdoor stars and having run second to Jack with Fay Daniels he liked him accordingly. Maxim was the bird which was to direct Jack's movie with Fay and on top of that he was a he-guy. With a hostile glance at us and a muttered apology to Maxim, Calhoun promptly done a fade-out.

"I just caught Calhoun's first talkie and I've seen better pictures in an album!" says Maxim. "Oh, what this sound epidemic is doing to the boys and girls!"

"But Calhoun's at least a actor, ain't he?" asks Jack. "He—"

"He's perfect—till he opens his mouth!" interrupts the megaphone wielder. "The minute he speaks he's all damp. Here he's supposed to be a red-blooded, get-your-man husky of the Royal Mounted and his voice sounds as if he was a refugee from Vassar! Wait till his worshiping salesgirls hear him and how their delighted boy friends will chortle. Well, that's what we're up against now with the speakies—that and the leading women with adenoids!"

"And them foreign stars," I remarks. "How will that cracked English get past?"

Maxim shook his head thoughtfully.

"Some way will be found, of course, to overcome all difficulties," he says. "You must understand that this voice reproduction thing is so new that nobody yet knows what it's all about, except that for a time, at least, it's going to go over with a smash. The thousands of musicians that the talkies will supplant must be pacified in some way; small-town exhibitors, already taking cruel and unusual punishment, must be sold the idea that the expensive wiring of their houses for sound will triple their business, if any. The stage actor will benefit, schools of elocution will coin money and the death knell of the title-writer has sounded. The boys who have been putting those irritating wise cracks in the films, whether the nifty covers the scene or not, will have to cancel their subscriptions to the comic magazines and seek other fields."

"AND that reminds me," murmurs Jack. "I better back into one of them voice colleges myself, before we begin to hurl *my* movie."

"You'll do nothing of the sort!" Maxim exclaims. "You play yourself in this poultice, Big Boy, and I want you to talk like a fighter and not like an actor. You pull any broad-a on me and I'll run you off the lot!"

"What's the name of Jack and Fay's frolic?" I inquires.

"The Love Punch," snarls Maxim. "It's got a happy ending; that is, they don't get married, but the story's impossible and wouldn't make a picture if hung on the wall. There were a few good fight productions released last year—we'll see if we can't remember one."

Thus endeth the first lesson.

WELL, to make a short story long, Queenie's mother was still breaking her neck to try and hinder my coming marriage with her beautiful progeny. She kept telling Queenie what a Patsy she was for falling for a poor man when it was just as easy to nail a rich one and what would she and Papa do when I took away their means of livelihood? It got so bad, friends of radioland, that I went in a huddle with Jack and, being pretty low, I done one of the craziest things I ever done in my life—I asked his advice.

"Since the old lady's wild about money," says Jack, after I'd tabled a dozen or sixty goofy schemes, "why not leave fall the news that you just come into a million, through the sad death of your grandfather in Peru, from gallopin' dandruff or somethin'?"

"My grandfather kicked off in South Bend ten years ago, sap," I growls. "And the only million *he* ever had was a million ways to beat prohibition."

"Well, you can fake it, can't you?" exclaims Jack. "Spread the word that you're up to your ears in thousand-dollar bills, put on a little hound and Queenie's parent will eat out of your hand. Then, when you and the girl gets wed, tell your mother-in-law your grandfather come to life in the coffin and the big pay-off's delayed."

Like a umpchay, I followed out his instructions and then the amusement begin! Queenie's priceless mother just missed expiring with joy and the first thing she does when she got her breath was to broadcast to all Hollywood that a millionaire was about to break in her family. The results of this was that every promoter of both sexes in Movie Town flocked around me day and night trying to cop a sneak and I got propositioned silly.

Guys which had long ago give up hope of ever collecting the few paltry bills we'd left behind when we was in Los Angeles last galloped down on me and in four days I got rid of five grand.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Davis was planning a hey-hey wedding which would be the last gasp in ritz and the talk of the country for epochs. Every day she interviewed class caterers, orchestras, florists, decorators, dressmakers, milliners, bishops, photographers and game in season, charging it all to me. The panic was on! When Queenie's scofflaw father wished to slap the mosquito on me for ten thousand ducats and says I'm a Hades of a son-in-law when I won't put it out, I frantically phoned for the young lady herself.

"Gorgeous," I says, "I'm in one proper jam and as you're going to be my helpmeet you can start right in helping me now. I'm being taken right and left and if you don't get your mother to pipe down on that millionaire stuff, I'll be a public charge in a week!"

"Well, what in the name of all that's good and holy ever made you say you'd fallen heir to a fortune?" demands Queenie. "Sooner or later the truth will come out and then Mother will simply explode!"

"Don't I know it?" I ejaculates bitterly. "I must of been demented to do what I done!"

"Jack King says he never thought you'd be silly enough to pull anything like this," (*Continued on page 40*)

Illustrated by R. Van Buren

The M. D. had the kid bring him water and he solemnly gave Jack a powder

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MORTGAGEE'S SALE
Will be sold at public auction on Friday, April 12, 1929, at 1 o'clock p. m., on the premises hereinafter described, by virtue of the power of sale contained in that certain deed of mortgage made and executed by
THE PRUDENTIAL HAS THE STRENGTH OF GIBRALTAR
The Life Insurance Policy that would have saved their home was permitted to lapse
THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY of AMERICA
EDWARD D. DUFFIELD, President
©
HOME OFFICE, Newark, N.J.

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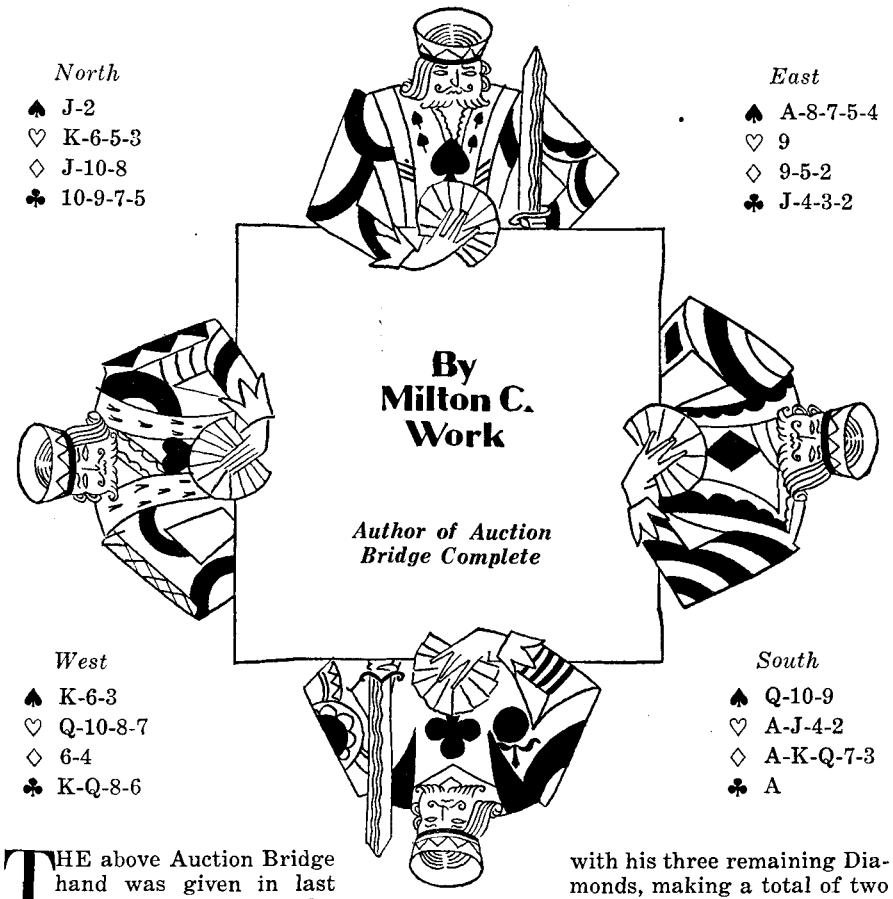
How would You play it?



THE above Auction Bridge hand was given in last week's Collier's; the description of the play is as follows:

The Auction

South bid one No Trump, securing the bid. The only question that might have arisen was whether South should bid a No Trump with a hand containing a singleton. The expert consensus, however, is that a No Trump may properly be bid with a singleton Ace.

West lacks the strength for an informatory double. North of course has nothing to say; and East could not think of bidding a five-card Ace-suit when his hand contains no other strength whatever.

At Contract South, having a count of 20, would be just under the requirement for bidding three No Trumps (his Spades are not surely stopped) and while a singleton Ace is not a No Trump bar, no singleton can be considered a No Trump asset.

After South's two No Trumps, North would have just the strength to jump to three. The count that justifies that jump is 6, and North has it—his King counting 3, each of his Jacks counting 1, and his two Tens together counting 1.

The Play

West led the Six of Clubs. When opening against a No Trump, the fourth best is led from K-Q and two or three others, unless one of the others is either the Jack or the Ten. Dummy played the Seven, East the Jack, and South the Ace. South then led a small Diamond, putting Dummy in with the Ten; and Dummy led a small Heart, South finessing the Jack.

As the Nine of Hearts was played on this trick and West, after winning with the Queen, was left with the 10-8-7, West led a Heart which Declarer won with the Ace. The Declarer then led another small Diamond which Dummy won with the Jack; and led the Ten of Clubs, Closed Hand discarding the Deuce of Hearts. West won this trick with the Queen of Clubs and, refraining from cashing his King of Clubs, led a third round of Hearts. Dummy won this trick, and the Declarer then won with his three remaining Diamonds, making a total of two Hearts, five Diamonds and the Ace of Clubs—eight tricks. The adversaries took the balance, a total of five, and saved the game.

Criticism of Above Play

On trick 1 East should have played a small Club—not the Jack. West's lead of the Club six showed that West had three Clubs higher. There were five Clubs higher than the Six in the North, East and South hands. Of these, East could see three in Dummy and one in his own hand. The four missing Clubs, of which South had one, were the Ace, King, Queen and Eight, but it was evident that South must have one of the honors because, with Ace-King-Queen, West would not have opened small. It also was evident to East that South's high Club must be a singleton because West must have four, and North and East also had four. Consequently East could gain no advantage by covering North's Seven, and if he had played small on that trick, West and East must have saved game by making two Spade tricks and three Clubs.

When East played the Jack of Clubs, the Declarer could have counted a sure game because then North's Clubs stopped that suit. Declarer, in addition to the one Club trick won, could count five Diamonds, one Spade and two Hearts; consequently he should not have attempted to finesse Hearts but should have tried for a sure game. He should have led a Spade to trick 2 and should have led a second Spade the next time he obtained the lead.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North	*East*
S. J-10-9-3	S. 5
H. A-Q-8	H. K-J-2
D. A-6-5	D. Q-4-2
C. 8-6-4	C. A-K-Q-5-3-2
West	*South*
S. 8-4	S. A-K-Q-7-6-2
H. 7-6-3	H. 10-9-5-4
D. K-J-10-8-7-3	D. 9
C. J-10	C. 9-7

Wings of Destiny

Continued from page 11

the mission of the spotted shed at one of the Allied landing fields.

"I don't see why I should," he finally concluded, his brow darkening. "I certainly owe the Allies nothing. 'What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba, that he should weep for her?' Besides, if the shed should be raided just after my visit, it would make the Chief suspicious, and he might even prove his intelligence by backing me up against a wall. But if I keep building up his confidence, there's hardly any limit to what I may find out—"

The mystery of the empty tube didn't puzzle him long.

"Those people in the shed have some way of communicating back with Charleville," he told himself. "Maybe by wireless. And they'll report that I dropped the empty tube."

MEANWHILE he had been steadily rising. The counterpane below had grown constricted in design, pieces which had been as large as envelopes were now postage stamps. The horizon widened as it lessened in visibility—the larger the canvas, the fewer definite objects could be distinguished.

Turning due north, he flew for thirty minutes, estimating his speed at ninety miles per hour.

"Now if I glide down easily, northeast by east, I ought to strike Charleville," he thought. "I only hope they haven't forgotten the Chief's instructions and don't start firing."

Gradually, but surely, the world floated up to greet him—unhurried as though in the certainty that they would meet soon enough. Bits of fernery became groves of trees, and tumbled dice slowly resolved themselves into houses. Ahead and slightly to the right was the Charleville flying field and Dell's heart gave a jump of satisfaction as he saw this proof to the skill of his dead reckoning.

"Next time," he told himself, "I ought to do it with my eyes shut. Now for the signals."

Following the Chief's directions, he made two figure eights, banking high at the turns. A few minutes later he had landed safely and a squad of groundbirds was hurrying forward to get him into his hangar before his plane might be spotted by hostile eyes above.

"*Sehr gut!*" said the Chief when Delavan made his report. "Now do you think that tomorrow, leaving here just before daybreak, you could do it again?"

"He's heard already that I dropped the tube," guessed Dell as he left the office. "There's not much chance to play any tricks between here and the spotted shed."

He had flown before at night—in an effort to make a record of continuous flight—but there was something ghostly about the pre-dawn mists which hung low upon the Charleville field next morning. Dell was dressed more warmly than on the previous day.

"Three thousand feet ought to be enough, no matter how bumpy it is," he thought, watching the gauge; and after attaining his height and setting his course, he opened his throttle at the halfway mark and kept his attention about equally divided between the instrument board and the weather.

"No use to get there before I can see," he told himself. "The idea, as I understand it, is to fly over the trenches before *they* can see, and there's plenty of time for that."

The fog persisted for another quarter of an hour, and then all at once it rolled away like a carpet rolled into the wings by a stagehand. Dell, scanning for landmarks, drew a sigh of relief at catching sight of the Bar-le-Duc canal; and just before the sun came out he had dropped his tube near the spotted shed and was quickly rising as on the day before.

"Phut! . . ." suddenly exclaimed his engine, interrupting the steady roar of the exhaust. And again "Phut! . . . Phut! . . ."

Noticing that he was losing power he tilted his stick forward, having no wish to take a tail-spin if the engine should suddenly stop. "Ought to be a French landing field somewhere around here," he continued, trying to recall the map which the chief had showed him. "If not, I'll take a chance on a meadow, and see if I can find the trouble."

It was then, in the distance, that he saw the French landing field at Brillon; and carefully working around against the wind he finally reached the point where he could shut off his engine and side-slip down to a safe landing.

A French officer, whose eyebrows and mustache reminded Dell of birds' wings, walked smartly over to the plane.

"I heard you coughing up there," he said in French. "Or is it my misfortune that I must send for an interpreter?"

"Not an interpreter, m'sieur," replied Delavan, a grateful memory of Madame Napoleon flashing into his mind—"but if you could send for a mechanic, it would be a good idea. I think my oil line is stopped, and to take it apart—it isn't the cleanest of work."

While the mechanic worked, the officers talked.

The Frenchman was Captain Dufresne, and Delavan, of course, was Lieutenant Sangster, an American volunteer in Britain's Air Force. Upon hearing his visitor's nationality, the captain promptly sent for more mechanics, and it wasn't long before the trouble in the oil line was found and the Goshawk's engine was throbbing away as though it had never skipped in its life.

"I don't know how I can thank you enough, Captain," said Dell, after he had assured himself that neither crankshaft bearings nor connecting rods were playing the drum.

"Not at all, Lieutenant Sangster!" bowed the captain. "Any time we can help you here, drop down!"

Dell hopped off, ostentatiously roaring toward the west where the British sectors lay; but after twenty miles of this he arose to the high level and turned toward Charleville.

"You did well," said the Chief again, when he heard of this adventure with Captain Dufresne. "I am anxious to hear now what happens when you fall across an English unit. That, I think, will be your acid test."

It happened a week later.

DELAVAN was returning from the spotted shed, working up into the higher altitudes, when again his engine began to cough complainingly. "Phut. . . . Phut-phut. . . . Phut. . . ."

"That same elbow in the pipe line," he thought, immediately ceasing to climb. "I think I'd better go down and call on Captain Dufresne."

Dell didn't know it, but in answer to a Macedonian cry from Clemenceau the British were temporarily taking over a new aerial sector—a sector of which Brillon was a part. So when he landed, with the confident air of a young flyer who is sure of his welcome, he unexpectedly found himself in the middle

(*Continued on page 32*)

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Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet.

Lieutenant General
Robert Lee Bullard
who was in command of
2nd Army, A. E. F. on
Armistice Day
November 11, 1918.

"An army man must keep fit - reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet"

Robert Lee Bullard

Lieutenant General
Robert Lee Bullard

"General de Braack, one of Napoleon's greatest cavalry leaders, said: 'Smoke yourself and teach your men to smoke. It will comfort you and them under the greatest strain.' One hundred years after de Braack, one million Americans fighting at the front in France and smoking Lucky Strikes found it to be true. Of course, I say reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet. An army man must besides keep fit and not be overweight."

ROBERT LEE BULLARD

THE modern common sense way—reach for a Lucky instead of a fattening sweet. Everyone is doing it—men keep healthy and fit, women retain a trim figure.

Lucky Strike, the finest tobaccos, skilfully blended, then toasted to develop a flavor which is a delightful alternative for that craving for fattening sweets.

Toasting frees Lucky Strike from impurities. 20,679 physicians recognize this when they say Luckies are less irritating than other cigarettes. Athletes, who must keep fit, testify that Luckies steady their nerves and do not harm their physical condition. That's why Luckies have always been the favorite of those men who want to keep in tip-top shape and realize the danger of overweight. That's why folks say: "It's good to smoke Luckies."

A reasonable proportion of sugar in the diet is recommended, but the authorities are overwhelming that too many fattening sweets are harmful and that too many such are eaten by the American people. So, for moderation's sake we say:—

"REACH FOR A LUCKY
INSTEAD OF A SWEET."

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation - No Cough.

Coast to coast radio hook-up every Saturday night through the National Broadcasting Company's network. The Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra in "The Tunes that made Broadway, Broadway."

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Wings of Destiny

Continued from page 30

of a British unit who were bidding Godspeed to their Gallic predecessors. The latters' supplies and equipment had already been moved. Now their planes were about to follow suit. Delavan had stepped out of his cockpit and was leaning against the fuselage, wondering what had brought about such a confusion of uniforms and tongues, when Captain Dufresne chanced to see him and came hurrying over with hand outstretched.

"Again, Lieutenant Sangster!" he exclaimed. "But only in time to say 'Adieu!' "

"What's all the confusion in the temple?" asked Dell.

THE captain told him, and when he had departed, Delavan noticed that one of the British flyers was giving him a long, careful scrutiny—an R. A. F. lieutenant who had been about to get into an armed S E-5.

Dell got out the tool kit and bent over his engine. But busy as he immediately became in disconnecting his oil line, he was fully aware that the young R. A. F. officer of the long stare was strolling toward him. One of the French machines had just taken off. Delavan hoped to heaven that Captain Dufresne was in it.

"That French officer who just spoke to you," began the young R. A. F. "Did he call you Lieutenant Sangster?"

"Songster; wasn't it?" asked Dell, glancing up with an innocent look. "Some French pun on a bird, I thought."

"I thought he said 'Sangster.' Name of a chap I knew rather slightly. Er—you're American; aren't you?"

"Yes," said Dell.

"Thought so. Your accent, you know. Sangster was too. Disappeared on the wrong side of the barbed wire about a week ago. Awfully decent fellow. If you ever get any news of him, let us know, will you? I expect we shall be here some little time."

"Be glad to—"

Delavan hoped he would go then but he didn't. Instead, he thoughtfully produced a cigarette.

"Er—what unit are you with?"

This required quick thinking. Questioned so, Delavan had expected to be Lieutenant Sangster—with the metal disk and the supporting letter from Babs in his pocket. But obviously such a course was impossible to a man who had known Sangster, particularly as he had already denied that he was Sangster! So without allowing any pause to separate question and answer, he replied, "I'm on detached duty, special mission work, confidential, very—reporting direct to British G. H. Q."

"And your name?"

"Saunders."

"Oh, yes, Saunders, of course. Jolly old name; what? Mine's Ainsworth. Hope to see you again before long."

He strolled away, and Dell desperately continued with his work. As before, the oil line had clogged at an elbow below the strainer. He had cleaned it and was starting on the reassembly when an unmistakably English sergeant and two soldiers smartly approached him.

"Lieutenant Saunders?" demanded the sergeant, swiftly saluting.

"Yes."

"The major's compliments, and he would like to see you. . . . At once, if you please, sir. He's waiting for you now. . . ."

The palms of Delavan's hands began to sweat. For he needed no one to tell him that his pursuit of adventure was taking an unexpected turn—a turn, indeed, which might well land him in front of a firing squad.

The doubting young lieutenant, not altogether convinced, had probably found Captain Dufresne—and the latter had disclaimed the "Sangster" pun.

If Dell were searched, the letter and the disk wouldn't help him much!

Still thinking quickly, he lifted an oil-covered hand to his face as though to brush away a fly; and then with a rueful glance at his hand, he picked up a piece of waste to wipe his face. When he dropped the waste he also dropped the telltale metal disk—both in a pool of oil which had dripped from his engine.

NOW if he could get rid of the letter with the three Tommies watching him every moment!

Stepping forward to join the sergeant he began searching his pockets for his handkerchief, palming Babs' letter in his hand as he did so. This accomplished, he found his handkerchief and was wiping his face again when he stumbled over the tail of his plane and collided with the sergeant. Again the sergeant never suspected it but an instant later the incriminating letter was in a pocket of the sergeant's own tunic, and he and Delavan were marching in dignified silence to the major's office, the two privates close behind them.

The major sat at a desk, frowningly magisterial; and, just as Dell had suspected, Lieutenant Ainsworth and Captain Dufresne were with him.

"Do you know this man, Captain?" asked the major, speaking in broken French.

Now, a man whose face has recently been smeared with old engine oil isn't the easiest thing in the world to recognize—especially if one has only seen him a time or two before.

"When I saw him first," hesitated the captain, "I thought he was Lieutenant Sangster; but if, as I understand, he now denies it, I am not so sure I have seen him before."

HE SHRUGGED his shoulders, evidently anxious to get away and leave this English officer to work out his own problems of identity.

"But, Captain," broke in Delavan, instinctively sensing the Frenchman's feeling, "of course I have seen you before! Do you think I will ever forget your kindness? You lent me three mechanics, and I did not have to cover myself with oil, or make my own repairs! And when I went away, you said, 'Any time you are in trouble around here, Lieutenant Saunders, please drop down!' Don't you remember how courteous, how kind you were to your American visitor?"

"Lieutenant *Saunders*, you say?" asked the captain.

"But of course!"

"Ah, then I have the names mixed! I am charmed to meet you again, Lieutenant, but regret that I can stay no longer. The major will excuse me, please?"

After he had gone the major drummed on the table for a few moments, frowning and magisterial.

"Your papers, please!" he suddenly exclaimed, holding out his hand.

"I have no papers," said Dell. "It is essential to the work I am doing that I carry none. Then, in case of capture, the enemy gains no information."

"No," said the major dryly, "and I'm gaining none from you."

"But I've given enough," protested Delavan. "Lieutenant Saunders, R. A. F., detached for special duty of a confidential nature—reporting direct to G. H. Q."

"So you say. But under the peculiar circumstances, would you object to a search?"

"Peculiar?" demanded Dell, and again if you had seen him, you would have said that he was a true son of his father. "How are the circumstances peculiar? Any of your men may be forced down on a strange landing field at any hour of the day or night. And when this happens, they will expect to be treated decently and helped on their way—not to do their own mechanic's work and then be searched! Personally I don't think this will win credit for you with my superiors—who happen to be yours, too. You don't expect me to keep quiet about this, do you?"

Nevertheless, after another whispered conference, Delavan was searched—the sergeant doing the exploring—but no papers were found except a number of English bank notes. As the sergeant worked around the suspect, obscuring him now and then from the three spectators, Dell repossessed himself of Babs' letter and slipped it back into one of his own pockets—a pocket which had already been questioned and found innocent.

"There are no papers in any of his pockets, sir," said the sergeant, straightening himself and saluting.

THE major may have been mulling over the American's protest. At any rate, he suddenly said, "Then I think we'll forget all this," and he frowned, perhaps unconsciously, at his suspicious young lieutenant. "I'm truly sorry this has happened," he added to Dell, who was standing there, pale and proud, "and I sincerely hope it will arouse no hard feelings. I am now going to detail Lieutenant Ainsworth to give you any further help that you may require here; and he will then personally escort you to your destination—if that also isn't confidential."

Delavan went on looking pale, but away down deep he didn't feel so proud. Lieutenant Ainsworth to escort him to his destination. In that swift S. E.? Already he could see its machine gun pointed straight at him. . . . Or, failing that, a firing squad being marched into service again. . . .

(*To be continued next week*)

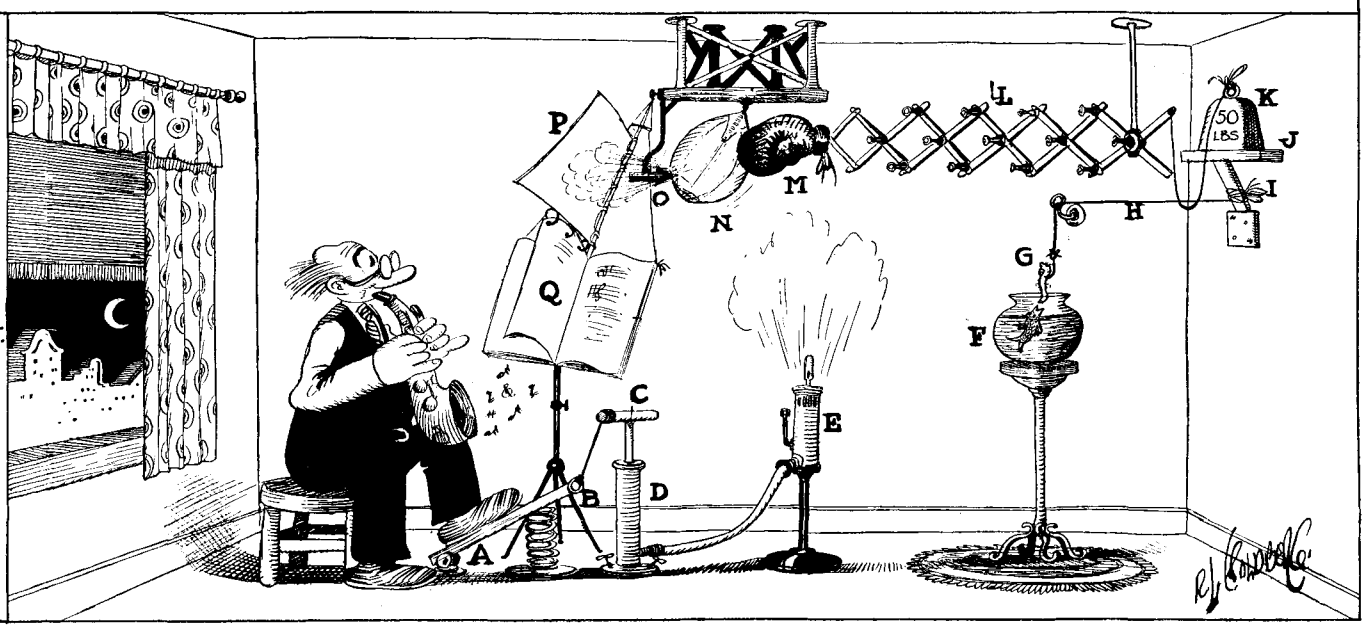
The Inventions of Professor Lucifer G. Butts, A.K.

By Rube Goldberg

AT LAST! THE GREAT BRAIN OF THE DISTINGUISHED MAN OF SCIENCE GIVES THE WORLD THE SIMPLE AUTOMATIC SHEET MUSIC TURNER!

PRESS LEFT FOOT (A) ON PEDAL (B) WHICH PULLS DOWN HANDLE (C) ON TIRE PUMP (D). PRESSURE OF AIR BLOWS WHISTLE (E). GOLD FISH (F) BELIEVES THIS IS DINNER SIGNAL AND STARTS FEEDING ON WORM (G). THE PULL ON STRING (H) RELEASES BRACE (I), DROPPING SHELF (J), LEAVING WEIGHT (K) WITHOUT SUPPORT. NATURALLY, HATRACK (L) IS SUDDENLY EXTENDED AND BOXING GLOVE (M) HITS PUNCHING BAG (N) WHICH, IN TURN, IS PUNCTURED BY SPIKE (O).

ESCAPING AIR BLOWS AGAINST SAIL (P) WHICH IS ATTACHED TO PAGE OF MUSIC (Q), WHICH TURNS GENTLY AND MAKES WAY FOR THE NEXT OUTBURST OF SWEET OR SOUR MELODY.



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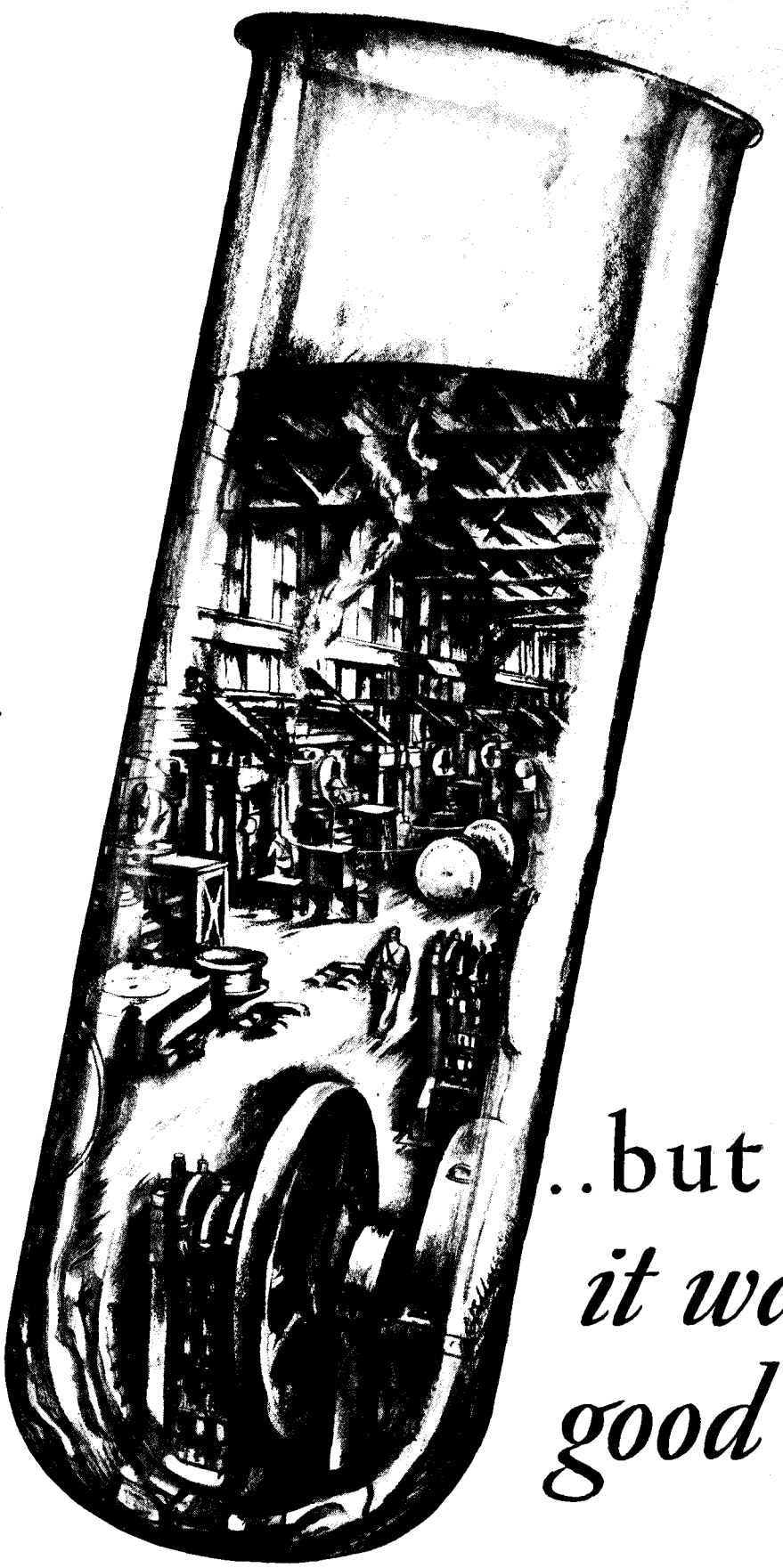
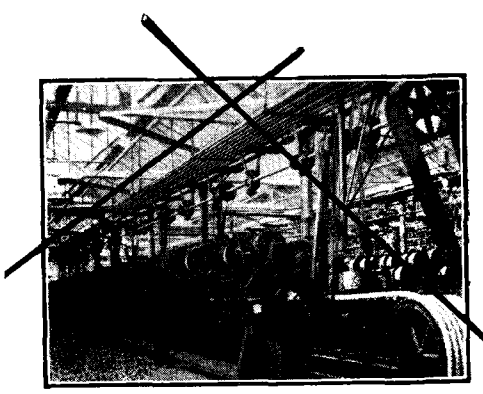
The best cable shop in the country . . .



. . but *it wasn't good enough*



The old way. This machine for stranding cable was the best in the country, but —

Western Electric engineers worked out a new way, stranding cable more quickly, more safely, more economically.

IN equipment and methods the Western Electric telephone cable plant of 1927 set the pace. But that didn't satisfy the company's manufacturing engineers. They put the plant in the test tube of critical judgment—and they came out with something even better.

It meant revising processes, redesigning machines, rebuilding a factory which occupied sixteen huge structures. But it was worth it!

Whether making cable or any of the 10,000 items of telephone apparatus, Western Electric seeks till it finds the better and more efficient and more economical way. As manufacturer for the Bell System this is its share in good telephone service.

Western Electric

MAKERS OF YOUR TELEPHONE

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Here is a shave almost as Cool *as the top of Mt. Everest!*

(THE COUPON BRINGS SEVEN COOL SHAVES FREE)

NEVER in all your born days have you had a shave as bracing and delightful as your first shave with Ingram's Shaving Cream.

For it's *cool* . . . cool . . . COOL . . . *COOL.* It's original . . . It's different from all others. . . It's unique!

Ingram's is the first shaving cream ever primarily planned to take the nicking sting out of the morning shave and to leave a clear cheek and a cool skin when the job is finished.

Never mind your Whiskers, think about your Face!

Ingram's Shaving Cream is a blessing to your battle-scarred countenance. No lotions need apply when Ingram's is foaming richly on your face. For Ingram's is its own skin lotion, and because of three special healing and cooling ingredients, it tightens, tones and heals the skin. It's a shaving soap, a lotion and a tonic all in one! And with it you'll shave without those fiery little pin-prick stabs that most men bemoan!

Ingram's does all these things and does them well:

1. It will cool and tone your face while you shave.
2. It will keep your skin in better shape.
3. It will enable you to shave closer without discomfort.
4. It gives a heavy lather that lies close and keeps wet underneath.

If you will just go to two minutes' trouble, you'll be rewarded with a life time's happiness of clear, cool shaves. That little coupon just below brings you seven glorious and cool morning shaves! Our sample is no beauty, but it's the most powerful persuader and the greatest gatherer of friends that any company ever had!

Don't fail now to try Ingram's. Your face will be grateful all your life. Send for sample. Do it now!

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

"Never mind your Whiskers, think about your Face"

7 COOL SHAVES FREE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. C-29
110 Washington St., New York

I'd like to try seven cool Ingram shaves.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____

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The Age of Indiscretion

Continued from page 7

useless, Mr. Roberts met Miss Scripps.

The first thing he noticed, once his surprise was over, however, was that Miss Scripps was not noticing him. Miss Scripps' little round face, all covered with lilac-colored eyes and dotted with a distracting mouth, was turned in blank dismay toward his unaware and preoccupied guardian. Finally Miss Scripps leaned vaguely toward Mr. Roberts, a matter of faint perfume, a perceptible stirring of fair gold hair caught in a tiny knot in back, but her stare never wavered. A whisper reached Mr. Roberts. "Oh, don't tell me—" she said—"that man, that man is the creature who has pursued us and has made my mother what she has become. That is the man from Casablanca and Agadir and Corfu. Oh, don't tell me, Mr. Roberts, that—"

MR. ROBERTS was not telling her anything. This sudden revelation of Uncle George as the villain of the piece staggered him. He couldn't deny it. The places checked. It was the final disgrace. Very weakly he murmured: "I hope you may be mistaken, Miss Scripps. That is only my Uncle George." But realizing the futility of defense before the conviction written in Miss Scripps' piquant patch of face, he added: "Be confident at any rate, my dear lady, that I shall deal with the situation as it deserves."

"But not now," said Miss Scripps apprehensively. She did not want a scene, and anyway the situation possessed surprisingly more dignity than she had anticipated. A gala dinner at the Ambassadeurs possesses considerable dignity in fact. "I think the best thing to do will be to offer them an example of conduct proper to this sort of occasion," she said, and Mr. Roberts thought she was right.

The fact was that the more he thought of Miss Scripps the righter he thought she was. He wondered if Uncle George was observing how right Miss Scripps was.

But unfortunately Uncle George was observing only a pair of cobalt-blue eyes, their lighting and fading, the direction of their glance, and, when they turned intimately to his, their lustrous softness—for eyes are a matter of texture too. The just perceptible movement of her smooth white shoulder called his attention to a menace of romantic intrigue at an adjoining table. She murmured a few words and he smiled and said her name, "Marion." Presently a fox trot appealed to them and they left the table to join the dancers on the wide floor in the center of the room.

"I should think all that would lose its appeal—eventually," said Mr. Roberts. "It's not so bad for your mother, Miss Scripps. She seems almost young. But I hope when I've reached my uncle's time of life I have other interests than dancing." A grand duke of Old Russia danced by. The reigning king of a northern land danced by. A multi-millionaire owner of a string of newspapers danced by. They all danced by while Mr. Roberts was explaining to an impressed Miss Scripps how the Phocians four thousand years ago had danced by in a very similar manner.

Her lilac-colored gaze was flatteringly serious. "Although about my mother, I don't agree with you, Mr. Roberts. You see, with your uncle it's different. He's a man—but for a widow and mother of a grown daughter—oh, it's not that I don't believe in dancing, Mr. Roberts. I think there are moments when to dance is the most wonderful thing in all the world—"

"Would you—would you do me the honor to dance, Miss Scripps?" asked Mr. Roberts, and somehow they floated to the floor and began to dance—as only a tall boy and a beautiful young girl who are breathlessly in love can dance. He was thinking of her name, as her mother had spoken it, and wondered because Norah seemed so perfectly her and because no one named Norah had ever made the name so poignant and full of mystery before. "May I call you Norah too?" And they danced ten steps to some heavenly violin after the band had struck the crescendo of its final note.

But as they joined their table Mr. Roberts felt sure he had heard that Mrs. Scripps call his guardian "George" and the impropriety of it destroyed his mood. The idea of his Uncle George as "George" was too ridiculous. People had no dignity—and there you were.

He deliberately drew Mrs. Scripps into talk, but she couldn't really. She only smiled. The Phocians left her cold. "What are you going to be when you—I mean, have you chosen your career yet, Mr. Roberts?" No, he didn't like her, definitely. She wasn't even interested in books or politics. He tried her on Modes and Manners of the Great Victorians, on Sir George Trevelyan's description of the Grand Corniche. She only smiled. In desperation he danced with her. Just a dance. Uncle George was dancing with Norah.

Later, by hidden mechanism, the entire dance floor rose three feet to meet the stage level and what might have been gorgeous entertainment was offered the gala diners. Ballets in costume whirled on and off, but there was only one costume for Mr. Roberts and that was a Poiret robe de style. Ballets without costume, or mostly, cavorted and kicked, and earned no more than Mr. Roberts' tolerant, sophisticated smile. That clown was supposed to be funny and one supposed the pantomime had significance for some. But Mr. Roberts applauded in his heart only when the floor subsided, the band played insinuatingly and Norah did him once more the honor to dance.

HIS Uncle George watched them depart, shaking his head a bit ruefully. "Look, Marion," he said, "look at them. What beautiful, beautiful youth. They're in love, like wild things, sweetly, unconsciously, perfectly. There is no poem or picture of youth like youth itself."

Her hand stole along the table and lifted his down out of sight. "Is that why you've been so hopelessly depressed this evening, George dear? Dear old George, who has pursued me these months more romantically than any schoolboy or beau I ever kissed! But he sees two moonstruck children and he suddenly feels too old."

Her teasing brought no smile to his lips. "Put it that way," he said. "You remember, Marion, that I asked you to search your heart and your head and to let me know. Well, don't search any more, my dear, and don't let me know. I know myself—that it wouldn't be fair to you, Marion. I've gone too far along the road alone, I guess. You've made me very happy for a time."

She patted his fingers. "It's warm," she said. "Let's walk out to the beach." As they strolled from the room, up the stairway and outside into that star-filled Mediterranean night-time she suggested: "And of course all this re-

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nunciation is inspired by your nephew, George?"

"Indirectly, yes," he admitted. "He let me understand pretty plainly that I would be considered an old fool. Oh, I know you think Kirby is a young ass but we're about all that's left, he and I. His opinion counts with me somewhat, chiefly because it's representative, no doubt, of what any clear-seeing young person would think." They had walked through the Casino garden and down the old breakwater steps to the smooth sand. "Take your hand off my arm, Marion," he added roughly. "I can't talk sense."

SHE only laughed and her fingers tightened. "Old silly! No, I don't think your Kirby is an ass, except that the young are sometimes rather charmingly asinine. I think he's going to thrust himself into my family and I wouldn't have let him get within range if he were an ass fundamentally. He just isn't old enough to understand, and, George darling, in spite of your antiquated sentiment, neither are you. I shall kiss you."

Mr. Roberts and Miss Scripps, or as they were saying it now so tentatively and deliciously, Kirby and Norah, returned to their deserted table in justified alarm. "I knew it," he said. "I regret to say so, Norah, but they've sneaked away to spoon. There is absolutely no dignity about anything. Uncle George is probably telling your mother that she is a wow."

"Oh, think of it!" Poor little Norah Scripps was almost in tears. "Just think of my darling mother being called a wow! It's horrible. I think we should go find them at once."

Beside a stone bench in the sunken garden which separated the Casino from the beach they paused. A big yellow star blinked exactly over their heads. They saw neither Uncle George nor his victim. They saw no one. They were alone. Kirby's hand touched his companion's shoulder, just to steady her. Norah was so excited and breathless.

"Oh, I can't bear this anxiety, Kirby," she said. "If it were your mother getting in love and getting married, you'd understand. It's not that I don't believe in marriage"—while four stars danced overhead and two bright little stars came out right there beside Mr. Roberts and he became so dizzy that he hardly heard Norah's concluding words —"because of course I think that a happy marriage is the most wonderful thing in all the world—"

He simply groped for her and, when he caught her, gathered her in. He put out those two little stars with kisses. His long arms went 'round and 'round her. "Yes, our happy marriage will be that, Norah. Won't it?" He was vaguely aware that the little flower of her mouth pressed somewhere near his was not there solely by the force of his arm. "You will marry me, Norah?"

"Yes." She barely whispered it. "I will if I can, Kirby darling." Her fingers toyed tenderly with his hair and his ears. "You'll have to ask my mother."

The following afternoon Mr. Kirby Roberts was very much dressed when he came whistling into the suite sitting-room and found his uncle and guardian sitting disconsolately with a whisky-and-soda. "What?" he demanded gayly. "Not tea dancing today?"

"I prefer whisky," said Uncle George. "I'm through tea dancing."

"Really? Unfortunately I'm not." Mr. Roberts abandoned his air of blithe mystery. "I've an engagement with Mrs. Scripps at the Carleton—but to talk over an important matter and not to dance."

"Don't talk about her. Go on—get out, Kirby. I want to be alone."

Mr. Roberts did not permit his uncle's obvious bad temper to spoil his life and when the tender from the yacht brought Mrs. Scripps to the pier he helped her out with the grace and dignity of a marquis. Something dim in apple green was waving encouragement from the yacht's rail. "I'm honored that you could come, Mrs. Scripps," he said. "We must begin to try to understand each other."

"Must we?" That strange smile of hers made him feel as uncomfortable as some of those obscure remarks of Uncle George's. But she went on pleasantly: "Well, the honor is mine, Mr. Roberts. Not many women at Cannes can boast so young an escort."

"OH, I'm quite mature," said Mr. Roberts. They turned up the Croisette promenade toward the Carleton. "I think all of us are apt to mature in mind, body and experience more rapidly these days, don't you, Mrs. Scripps?"

"It's conceivable," she admitted. "Besides, Mr. Roberts, I was naturally consumed with curiosity as to what sort of important matter you could wish to discuss with me."

That was rather a shock. Was it possible that Mrs. Scripps had not guessed?

(*Continued on page 36*)

Bartender's Guide to Washington

There's no rough stuff in the capital of dry America. No racketeering. The bootleggers are genteel, as befits a polite community. But their liquor is terrible though no one would be coarse enough to complain about it.

By WALTER DAVENPORT

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

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(*Continued from page 35*)

After all, what was there of importance that Mrs. Scripps could discuss—except Norah? "At any rate," he said, "I hope you will not be disappointed."

She wasn't, at least not apparently. Mr. Roberts' business of importance seemed to be as great a shock as Mrs. Scripps could have desired. He was glad of it. It came halfway through tea, at a broad window overlooking the Croisette and an expanse of what romantic people called blue sea, and by that time Norah's mother had spared no effort to make him feel juvenile and uncomfortable. Fortunately his dignity was equal to the test. He explained to her calmly that he was at a university, not a school, and also that he was a senior and not a sophomore. And as to his fearing to be soon without an official guardian, he could only reply that he'd really taken care of his guardian if the truth were known. "Uncle George is in many ways like a child," he said.

"YOU don't say so!" exclaimed Mrs. Scripps. Those cobalt-blue eyes were as wide with what to Mr. Roberts seemed to be surprise as Norah's lilac ones. "Why, I'd heard, Mr. Roberts, that you considered your uncle too old to be quite human."

"Yes," he replied severely, "—if one has to descend at his time of life to the level of a Casanova to be human. And speaking of that sort of love, Mrs. Scripps, it is to talk of quite another sort, of genuine love, Norah's and mine, that I asked you to come. I hope you will have no objection to our marriage."

Norah's mother smiled. He wished she wouldn't smile like that. "How sweet!" she said. "You two lambs! Of course when you grow up you shall marry and have blue-eyed babies."

Mr. Roberts flushed. "You quite misunderstand, my dear Mrs. Scripps," he said icily. "What I should have said was that your daughter, Norah, and I are to be married in November, and we hope you have no objection."

"Absurd," said Mrs. Scripps. She didn't even stop smiling in that maddening way of hers. "Why, Norah is nothing but a baby. She is not even self-conscious yet. And you, dear boy, your psychology is still in short trousers. You and Norah would be mere babes in the woods. I wouldn't be idiotic enough to sanction it and I'm sure your guardian will agree. We must do something about this at once and I think the best thing will be for us to continue our cruise at once. You see, Mr. Roberts, your family and ours are strangely but definitely unsuited. Your Uncle George considers himself too old for love and I consider you too young."

"Do you mean to sit there and tell me, Mrs. Scripps, that you as a woman of the world think love has anything to do with age? The command to love cannot be denied and Norah and I shall not deny it, and no man of spirit will deny it, and no woman of understanding will attempt to escape it. Love, Mrs. Scripps, is—is the most wonderful thing in all the world—"

Mrs. Scripps nodded appreciation. "Perhaps there is something in what you say, Mr. Roberts. It's too bad, really, that George—that your Uncle George doesn't agree with you—"

"He never does," said Mr. Roberts. "My uncle and I have very different views on life. Do I understand, then, Madame, that you definitely refuse me your daughter's hand? Very well then. Beware. I have warned you that love is no respecter of age and will not be denied. Garçon! Garçon!" he beckoned the waiter. "Bring me the check for this tea at once."

Mr. Roberts discovered his uncle, guardian and greatest responsibility still seated beside his half-finished whisky-and-soda. "Notwithstanding your perhaps frivolous tendencies, sir, I have always respected you as a man. I never thought that you would permit a few casual years and a patch of gray hair to prevent your claiming the woman you love, although why you should love so obstinate a person is beyond me."

Uncle George sat up and blinked. "What in blazes are you talking about, Kirby? I thought you and Mussolini considered me beyond all that."

"What?" Mr. Roberts waved Mussolini aside. "Do you mean to tell me, sir, that you sit there, a man as mature in mind, body and experience as you ever will be, that you think age has anything to do with love. You should follow my example, Uncle George. You should act the part of a man. I have been refused my love because I am young. Do I submit? I do not. I am going to walk to Juan les Pins and by the time I return I shall have a plan to take her if necessary by force. If I were you, I'd do likewise. I'd go out to that yacht and drag the woman you for some obscure reason love ashore—"

Uncle George rose and stretched his arms. "Well," he said, "it's a new idea. I'll think it over."

"And I leave you with the thought, sir."

Full two hours elapsed before Mr. Roberts stood again at the door of their suite. Perspiration stood upon his brow and the dust of Juan les Pins was on his heels. Unfortunately the plan by which he expected to assist love in not being denied had not taken definite form. He was discouraged.

When he opened the door a shock awaited him. Apparently the place had been ransacked. A frightened Arthur, pale-faced and tremulous, stood in the sitting-room. "It's your uncle, sir," he said. "I think he has gone out of his mind. He came here less than an hour ago, dashed things about, threw a few clothes into his bags and departed. Whither he would not say, but he left this note for you, sir."

Mr. Roberts, glancing at the bottom of a cobalt-blue sheet of paper, saw that the note was from that Mrs. Scripps and not from his Uncle George.

"Dear Mr. Roberts," he read. "Perhaps I was too hasty of judgment this afternoon. In fact I have concluded that you must have matured tremendously in the last few hours, and I shall be very happy to receive you as a son-in-law in November. In the meantime our yacht is putting to sea, and since your Uncle George refuses to go ashore we have decided to take him with us. Affectionately, Marion Scripps."

"Norah," whispered Mr. Roberts. And then—"November." He slumped into a chair and did not move until the house phone demanded his attention.

"Who? What? A lady? I'll descend."

IN THE lobby of the very dignified Hotel Grand stood Norah, Norah with a big suitcase and a wide-eyed appeal in her lilac-colored eyes. Mr. Roberts got her into a small writing-room and forgot all about being dignified.

"They needn't think they can shanghai me on their old yacht," she said, when her mouth was free to say anything at all. "The assistant engineer rowed my bags ashore and I swam. Do you know I've got on a wet bathing suit under this dress, Kirby? But I had to come to you, didn't I? Because when a girl is in trouble a husband is the most wonderful thing in all the world." She paused. "But I'm a little frightened, Kirby. Are you?"

Complete maturity of mind, body, and experience was evident in the reassuring tightening of Mr. Roberts' arm. "Not very much," he said.

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How do you figure it?

By Jack Binns

IF YOU take delight in scanning the heavens on clear starlight nights do not be alarmed if you notice a rich, red glow suffuse the brilliant disk of Sirius—the famous Dog Star. It is probably caused by the type of radio programs that left our earth six years ago.

I am basing this assumption upon the labors of Lyman Packard of Los Angeles. In his busy moments Lyman is technician of KFI, and, like all engineers, he always carries a slide rule to play with during those idle moments when fugitive thoughts pass through his mind.

As you all know, radio waves, like light, travel at the rate of 186,284 miles a second, and with this fact as his basis Lyman figures out that the radio waves carrying the first words sent from KFI on April 16, 1922, are now more than 225,030,668,000,000 miles away in space on their journey to the place where radio waves finally reach a well-earned rest.

You may figure that way, Lyman, but according to my way of figuring a lot of programs should never have started at all.

Coded Symphony

The association of radio and music has been revolutionary in mass education and mass culture. Now that association bids fair to revolutionize music itself. An example of this is Professor Theramin's radio music box. Another was the world première of the short symphony "S O S" by the young American composer Robert Braine. This weird but imaginative work, that instills musical rhythm into the staccato-like noises of radio dots and dashes, was introduced by Walter Damrosch, who led the newly organized National Orchestra in its first performance.

In his introductory remarks, which are always so illuminating, Mr. Damrosch very rightly pointed out the difference that radio has wrought in such première's—millions now listening where formerly no more than a few thousands would have heard the new work. Radio is indeed permitting everyone to take part in passing judgment upon musical history in the making—a judgment that will undoubtedly have a profound effect upon the national trend in the musical art.

If music has color Mr. Braine took sufficient advantage of it to paint a realistic picture. This can be clearly visualized if one listens to "S O S" with a knowledge of the inspiration that was back of its composition. Here is a description of that inspiration by the author:

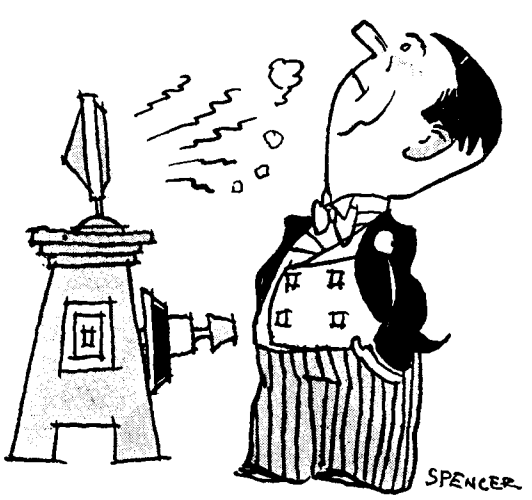
"On Saturday night, December 3, 1927, I happened to be in a radio studio when an S O S was in progress. Going to the operator's room, I was greatly impressed by the fact that the wireless messages were being received by the operators. Several messages would be going at once; added to this a vague uneasy roar from the loud speaker produced an uncanny effect. The imagination was further stimulated by the knowledge contained in those messages; to wit, a Greek ship off the coast of Georgia was in distress. It was a bitter cold night and a terrific storm was in progress. Another ship had gone to her aid, but could offer none on account of the fury of the waves. One could picture the distress of the crew and passengers . . . the excitement . . . the shouting . . . running to and fro . . . the lashing of the waves, the blowing of whistles and, above all this, the desperate S O S signals which kept up incessantly."

Taking the Cake

Here is a pretty little story which I think should come under the heading of Poetic Justice. It reached me from the San Francisco studio of the Pacific Coast chain of stations. Through the mail there came a package for Miss Helen Webster, who tells the air ladies how to make and bake those things that made Mother famous. Well, inside the package was a delicious-looking cake. Gleefully Miss Helen called in all the other radio artists who were waiting in the studios, and the cake quickly disappeared.

Then it was that one of them discovered a note within the box. It read: "Here is the cake. I followed your directions minutely."

Unfortunately I cannot tell what happened after that, but I sincerely hope the cake was more successful than the experimental cookies made from radio recipes that I have tackled as a sacrifice to continued domestic bliss.



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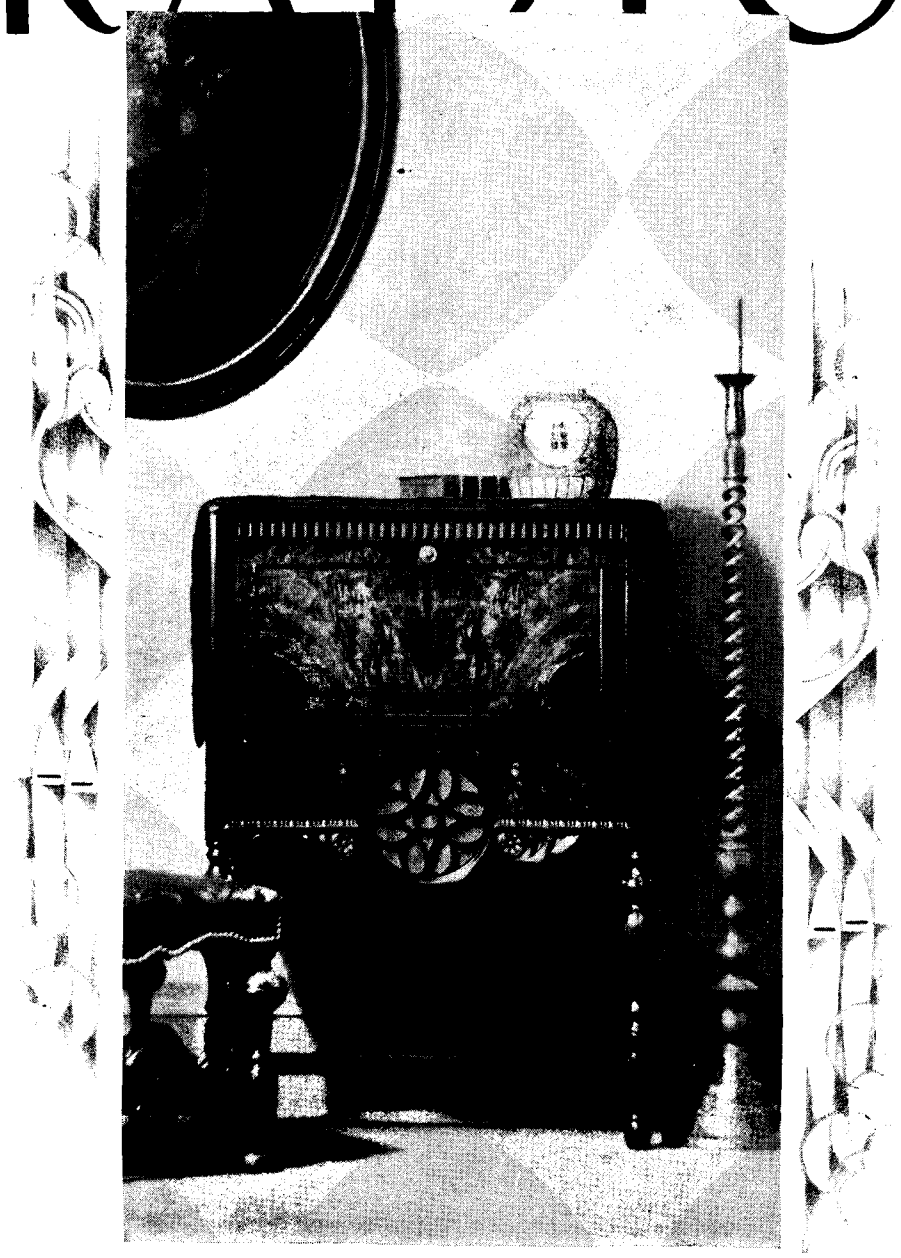

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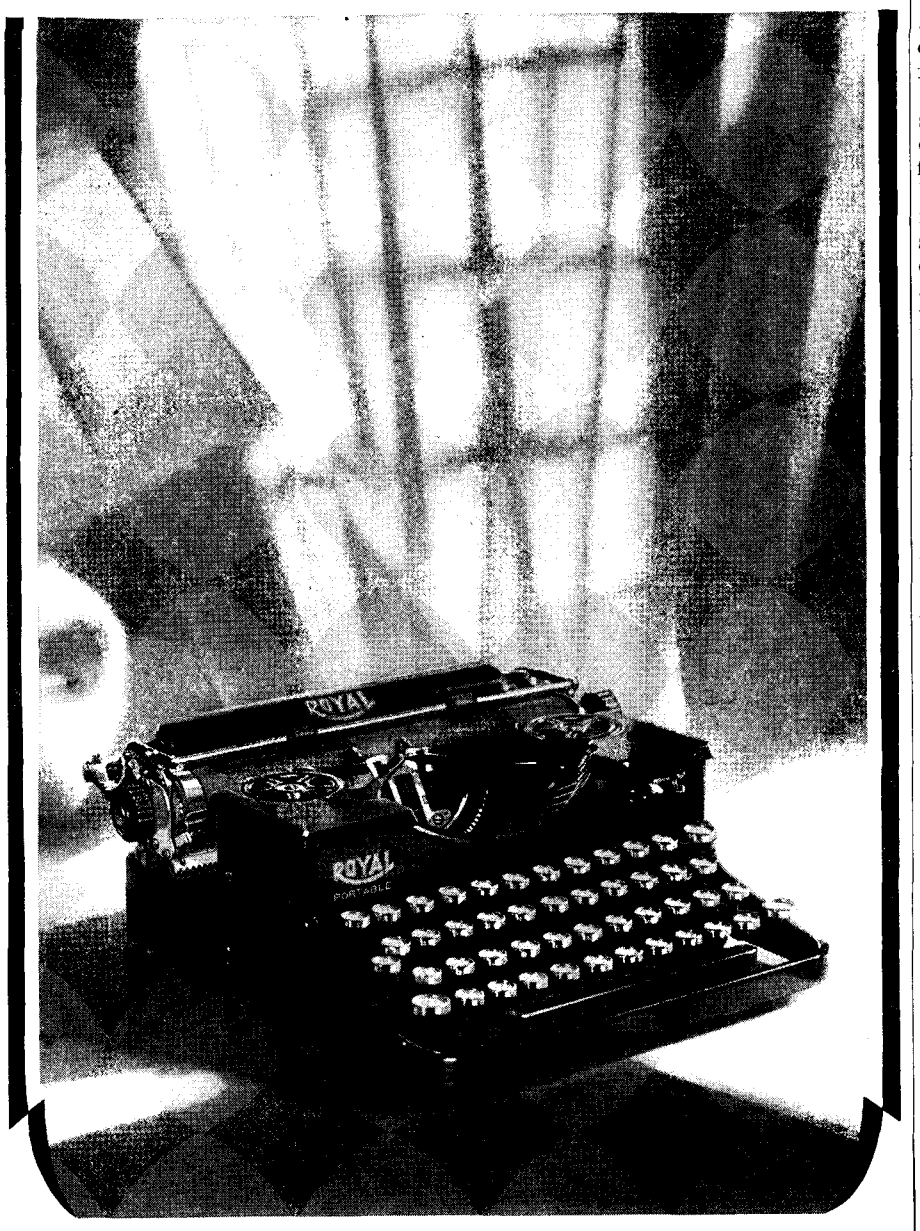

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Marriage for Two

Continued from page 21

been mitigated by his pleasant manner.

"Weedon spoke of matters that were not his concern," said Larry.

The Frenchman nodded.

"Of—an indiscretion on the part of Monsieur?"

"It might be called that," confessed Larry.

He felt his cheeks burning. His friends, his acquaintances, his servants, the general public, the police—all of these would know of the kiss that he and Helen had exchanged out on the cliff. Inwardly he writhed though, save for his blush, he preserved an outward calm. And his sufferings were not solely for himself. After all, he had once cared for Helen, and she must care for him now. If she had not really loved him during the days of their engagement, she now loved him. If, in love, she had forgotten or disdained the fact of his marriage, and kissed him, it was an unfair price that she would be made to pay for her yielding. Why should she be involved in terrific scandal. She couldn't stand it. No decent young girl could, and Helen was decent.

IN THIS day and age people didn't care very greatly if a young girl found herself in love with a married man, or if a married man were guilty of a quasi-infidelity. Not if the matter were a bit of intimate gossip. But newspaper notoriety—and this could not be avoided—was another affair. The most highly placed could not survive that. So he thought, forgetting that in recent years men of great distinction had been known to have mistresses, and the liaisons had become known through tragedies which had been shrieked in the headlines of the world, without apparent financial or even social detriment. But, of course, with a girl it was different.

"There is a young woman, eh, Monsieur?" asked the Prefect.

"Is this necessary?" asked Larry.

"I have already reminded Monsieur that I have my duty," said the Prefect. "One appreciates that Monsieur is a gentleman. But Monsieur must also appreciate the fact that a great crime has been committed."

"You are certain that it is murder, not an accident?" asked Larry.

The Frenchman shrugged. "Monsieur Weedon's body was found on the edge of the beach. His clothing was saturated. There was, however, no water in his lungs. Also, there was a bruise on the forehead which must have caused death."

"He might have fallen from the cliff and struck on the rocks below," suggested Larry.

"That is a thought that has also occurred to me, Monsieur," said the Frenchman, "but the facts, unfortunately, do not warrant that conclusion. There are no rocks at the base of the cliff, none, at least, on which a body could strike in falling. But we will rather confine ourselves to the putting of questions by myself, and the answering of them by Monsieur."

Again the whiskered face seemed pugnacious, and Larry bowed once more.

"I'm ready to answer any question," he stated.

"The lady, the young lady, with whom Monsieur committed the indiscretion referred to—the act was observed by Monsieur Weedon, eh?"

"It was, unfortunately," said Larry.

"There were words?" suggested the Prefect.

"There were," said Larry.

"Monsieur will be kind enough to relate the conversation."

Larry drew a long breath.

"How can I remember what he said or what I said?" he objected. "He—his words or his manner—or both—were insulting. I took hold of him, shook him, hurt him—slightly. Then I told him that every time I saw him I would thrash him. He left me. He made no reply to that. The lady and I—returned to the Reserve restaurant."

The detective breathed heavily.

"Concise, Monsieur. I congratulate you. Few men are as terse as you. And—in the restaurant—but we shall arrive there later. Let us go back. This lady, Monsieur—an old friend?"

Larry looked at him. If the Prefect didn't know already the relation that had existed once between Helen and himself, he would know by tomorrow morning. He might as well be frank now.

"We were once engaged to be married," he said.

"Ah. How long ago?"

"Within a couple of months," he reluctantly replied.

"The lady broke the engagement, of course? One understands the gallantry of a gentleman, Monsieur."

"There is no gallantry, Monsieur," said Larry. "It is the truth. She broke the engagement."

"The world knew of this?"

Larry shrugged. "The American newspapers made a great deal of it. And of my subsequent marriage." What was the use of withholding matters that the French police would easily find out?

The Prefect whistled sympathetically.

"These embarrassments—ah, well, we will now return to the restaurant. What happened then?"

"I told my wife what had happened."

The Frenchman's whiskered chin dropped upon his chest.

"Monsieur told his wife? But one understands that in America these matters are not looked upon, by wives, with the same broad understanding that the wives of France adopt. You told your wife? Exactly what did you tell her?"

"That—well, I told her what I considered necessary," replied Larry. He could not bring himself to state that he had kissed Helen.

"Did you consider it necessary to tell Madame that you had kissed the lady?"

Larry's shoulders sagged hopelessly. The Prefect knew all the gossip.

"I did," he answered.

"Jacques!" The Prefect's voice was harsh with triumph. "You will run upstairs, my child, and bring down to me, immediately, Madame Tracy."

THE policeman nearer the door rose swiftly, and was on his way upstairs before Larry could protest. And when his mouth opened the Prefect closed it with a sentence.

"Monsieur will be good enough to consider himself under orders to remain silent," he snapped.

Larry sank back into his chair. A maxim of Hogan, his butler, came back to him over fifteen years.

"Never argue with a cop, Master Larry," the old man had said. Larry had remembered it on other occasions, when he had been stopped for speeding and had observed the maxim. He observed it now.

Jacques returned in less than a minute, and with him, dressed charmingly in a costume that Larry would have found hard to describe, was Joyce. Perhaps it was a negligee—if women wore them any more—and perhaps it was a frock. Larry hadn't seen it. He only knew, with an ache, that his wife looked

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more delicious than he had ever seen her before. The skirt was less scant than the ordinary dress she wore, and there were folds of soft silk that draped the upper part of her body. He didn't know, until she told him later, that it was a lounging thing for the beach, to be worn when she was tired of pajamas. All he knew was that its gay yellow set off her brunette beauty.

The French detective knew this, too. His bow from the waist and his clicking heels, and the Japanese-y sibilance of his indrawn breath were frank admissions of Joyce's charm.

"One is desolated to disturb Madame," he said.

He spoke now, in perfect English.

"But when there has been murder done, one expects, if one has the faintest information bearing on the matter, to be disturbed," replied Joyce.

"Madame will sit down? Madame will arrange herself comfortably? Ah. Now Madame will please answer a question. Madame will please tell me if her husband, this night, at the Restaurant Reserve, stated to Madame that he had—ah—kissed the young lady, Mademoiselle Wilson, to whom he had formerly been affianced."

"Of course he did," she answered. "Why shouldn't he tell me?"

ONCE again the Prefect's jaw dropped. Without waiting for any comment from him, Joyce went on speaking.

"Why shouldn't he tell me that he kissed a dear friend? Is there any reason why he shouldn't?" Her voice was bland, childlike.

"Why—er—Monsieur Weedon—your husband," the Prefect had lost his perfect aplomb, "struck Mr. Weedon—"

"Of course he did," said Joyce. "When a man misinterprets, *vilely* misinterprets an innocent greeting—why, Larry told me at once, told me that Mr. Weedon had completely misunderstood—"

"Then, Madame, I am to take it that you were not disturbed at your husband's action?"

"Why, of course not," she answered. Her manner grew suddenly arch. "If my husband *sneaked* out, furtively, that would be a different matter." Larry did not look at her. He fought against the color rising in his cheeks. "But to exchange an innocent caress with an old and dear friend—that is something else, Monsieur. You, a man of experience, understand that."

The Prefect caressed his mustache.

"Of course, Madame. But then—Monsieur was angered at Monsieur Weedon, but you were not angry at Monsieur?"

Joyce rose and walked to where Larry sat. She put an arm about his shoulders. Her head bent and her lips brushed his, ever so lightly, but enough to let him know how cold they were.

"How could I be angry with my husband? If he kissed his sister would I be angry?"

"An ex-fiancée is not a sister, Madame," said the Prefect.

"No," she laughed, "but the affection between them is that of a brother and sister."

The Prefect of Police leaned forward.

"Madame," he said, "is a woman of great understanding. Madame should be French."

"Monsieur should be American," retorted Joyce.

"At least," said the Prefect grandiloquently, "there should be a bond between these two great nations. The Americans should understand the position of the French. Consider, if you will, the matter of the debt. Is it well, I ask, for the future amity of these two great republics, that there should be bickering about a matter of money? Bah! Money! Between brothers who have bled together!"

"The debt," said Joyce instantly, "should be canceled."

"Madame," said the Prefect, "I salute you."

He bent over her hand, and Joyce resisted an impulse to giggle as his whiskers tickled her fingers. His lips smacked in a resounding kiss upon her hand. He straightened up.

"There are, if Madame and Monsieur will forgive me, a few other trifling matters. You were neither of you out upon the cliff after the—er—fraternal greeting given to Mademoiselle Wilson by your husband?"

"Why, yes, we were," said Joyce. "I was suffering from a slight headache. I stood outside, a moment or two, and my husband joined me. This was after our bathing party."

"You heard no noise, no sound of a struggle?"

Joyce shook her head. "I didn't."

"And you, Monsieur?" The Prefect turned to Larry.

He also shook his head. "Not a word."

"Did either of you hear of any other quarrel in which Monsieur Weedon had become involved?"

Larry waited for Joyce to reply. When she did her voice was perfectly calm.

"Why, no," she answered.

Now, this was a deliberate lie, and not the first that he had heard Joyce utter. But, whereas he had resented, been angered by other lies, he rejoiced at this one.

"I didn't, either," he put in.

The Prefect turned the channel of the talk.

"Tell me what you know of Monsieur Weedon," he said to Larry.

"I know very little," said Larry. "He went to the same university with me in America. I knew him only slightly. I've run across him on my occasional trips to Europe."

"You knew, of course, that he—ah—Madame will forgive me—permitted himself to be supported by the earnings of a woman in the Casino?"

"No, I didn't," exclaimed Larry.

"You thought he had money?" persisted the Prefect.

"I never gave it a thought either way," said Larry. "I'd heard—rumors, you know. But one pays little attention to gossip."

"So? I adore it," said the Frenchman. "Still, if you knew nothing of him—the lady did not mention him today?"

"What lady?" asked Larry in bewilderment.

"Mademoiselle Novel, the American—ah—habitué of the Casino. The lady who cares—too greatly—for Monsieur Weedon, and who replenished his purse on occasion. The lady with whom you talked this afternoon in the Casino, Monsieur?"

THE faintest gasp came from the lips of Joyce. The Prefect turned to her.

"Do not misunderstand, Madame. The attention Monsieur paid the lady in question was merely that gallantry which is inseparable from frequenting the Casino. When a lady speaks to a man, it is but *gentil* that he buy her a *fin* or perhaps a glass of champagne."

"Of course," said Joyce. But her eyes burned into Larry's until he dropped them.

"Mademoiselle Novel did not refer to Mr. Weedon, then?"

Larry shook his head.

"She spoke of her luck at boule, and I bought her a glass of wine. That is all."

"But naturally. With Madame at home, one knows that there is no question of flirtation." He bowed deeply to Joyce. "I am forgiven my intrusion? Then I shall depart."

(To be continued next week)

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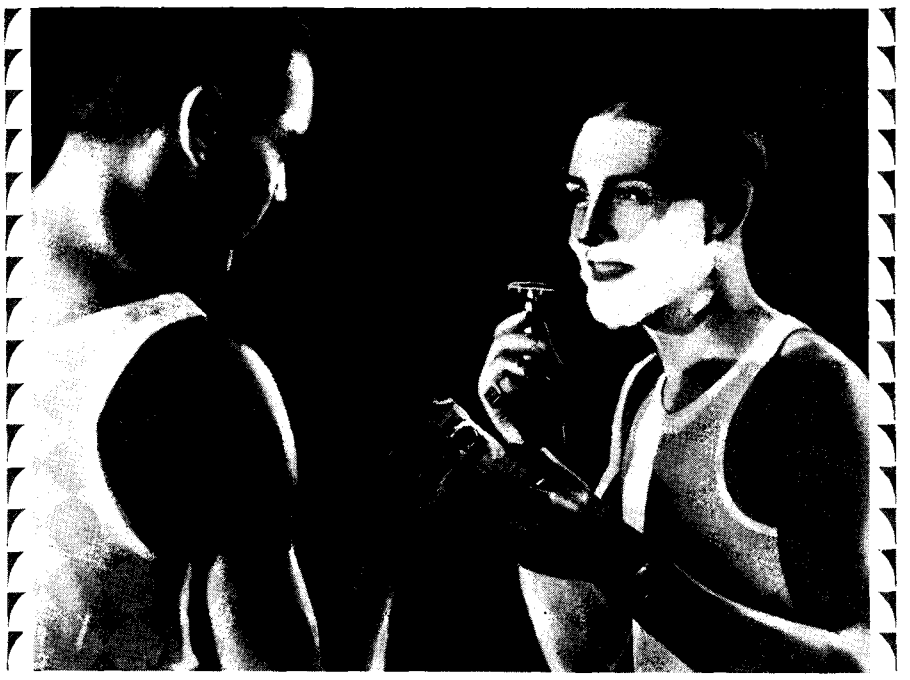

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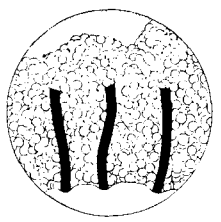

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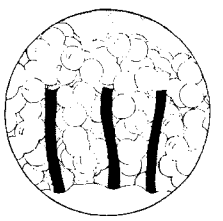

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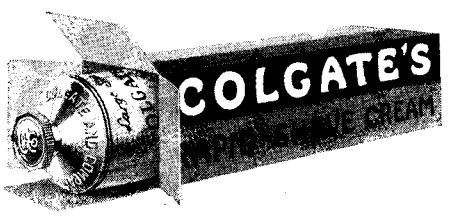

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Long Live the Queenie!

Continued from page 28

says Queenie. "He's laughing himself sick!"

"The big stiff!" I busts out. "It was him which give me the idea! Listen—how's for telling your mother it's all a joke?"

"I've tried that," Queenie sighs. "But it's no use. She won't believe me, for she thinks you're bashful and simply trying to dodge that big wedding she's planned."

"We can fox her by shoving off quietly somewheres and slipping on the ball and chain," I says eagerly.

"Be yourself," smiles Queenie. "You forget the California gin-marriage license law."

"I don't get you," I frowns.

"They passed a new bill here last year," explains Queenie, "that makes the contracting couples wait three days after application before they can be married. It's called the gin-marriage license law because it was aimed at discouraging these morning weddings after a wild party the night before."

So, licked by Fate and a cold-hearted legislature, I had to wait.

WELL, good people, the shooting of Jack's talkie, The Love Punch, begin with the title the only thing Melbourne Maxim saved from the original manuscript. This director always claimed authors knew nothing whatever about plots and that he made his best pictures without no story at all.

Besides playing a pert flapper, Queenie Davis was stunting for Fay in some long shots and I nearly swooned one day when Maxim asked me how I'd like to take off in his movie what I actually was in real life—Jack's manager. Oo la la! I leaped at the chance and Maxim claimed he was at last directing the perfect picture—genuine characters playing themselves and not casting-agency pets trying to act.

Then, after a conference with Maxim, me and Queenie put over a swift one which her mother will remember to her dying day. Right in the middle of a scene one afternoon—right on the magnificent ball-room set, mind you, we got married! Absolutely! We had a real minister do the deed and the whole company as witnesses. The grinning Jack was my best man, Fay Daniels was Queenie's chief bridesmaid, and, believe it or not, Queenie's mother give her away! Only, listen—she didn't know this was the real McCoy or she'd of run amuck, being all set for that high-hat wedding which would of cost me a king's ransom. Mrs. Davis thought this was merely a part of the movie, not finding out different till it was all over and then it was just too bad. Before, she simply didn't like me—*now*, she wanted me hung, what I mean!

About that time they was a new hospital going up in Los Angeles which was to be for the picture gang alone and a big drive for serious money was under way. The climax of the dough-getting ballyhoo was to be a single performance of Jeanette in the gigantic Hollywood Bowl, with every part from star to super played by a movie headliner and the chorus composed of the best known sex appeals in the bathing beaut game.

The musical comedy was donated by Colossal Productions, which had finally bought it outright to settle a long argument over whether or not they could use the dialogue when they filmed it in sound. Every dime was to go to the hospital and even the ushers was high society people which themselves paid to get in.

Fay Daniels, of course, was to handle the leading part and she insisted on my Queenie understudying her.

For the two weeks of rehearsals I couldn't find my bride with a Burns detective, what I mean, because she was busy night and day drilling Fay in the star rôle of Jeanette. This was putting the moan in matrimony indeed and when Queenie blew in at two o'clock one morning I burnt up and put my foot down.

"What would you think if *I* stayed out all night?" I demands.

"I'd think you were waiting for a street car or helping an elephant pack its trunk," smiles Queenie. "Honestly, Marty, I can recite Fay's part backwards, while the songs and dances could have been written for me personally. I'd give my ears to play it!"

"You got Fay and the rest of these big blondes lashed to the mast, kid," I says. "What you need is a snappy manager to make these movie moguls fight in the streets with each other for your name on a starring contract."

"Says you!" laughs Queenie. "Well, there's a job for *you*, only if you think it'll be soft you're crazy. They don't know I'm on earth in this burg!"

But, kiddies, I'll state they was soon to find out!

A couple or three days later, Mr. Granville, one of the Colossal Company's head cheeses, walked into rehearsals with a snapper named Eve La Rue in tow. Eve had been the star of Jeanette when it run on Broadway as a musical show and it was as plain as the face on my nose that she wasn't keen about Fay Daniels playing her part in this gambol for the hospital. As Colossal now had this ah-ah La Rue entry under a movie contract, they give her a little attention when she squawked.

"I don't like to be a wet blanket," begins the boy from the main office nervously, "but I—eh—we fear a bungling performance of Jeanette at the Bowl would have a disastrous effect on the forthcoming picture. Most of these people have no stage experience and—"

"What makes you think we'll fumble your production, Mr. Granville?" demands Fay peevishly.

"Anyway," chimes in Jack, rushing to his bride-to-be's aid, "they's nothin' to get hysterical about, Granville. I got a load of this raucous exhibit in New York and I hope to tell you they was nobody grippin' the edge of their seats. No foolin', I think Jeanette's a turkey of the first water and if I hadn't creeped in on a pass I'd of run back stage after the show and shot the producers!"

"I LOVE that!" exploded Eve La Rue. "Did you think *I* was so terrible?"

"Cutey, you slayed me!" grins Jackie, working fast. "I guess that's what made the rest of 'em look so bad—you was so good!"

"Oh!" murmurs Eve, with a pleased smile and some charming eye-work. "Oh, thank you so much. Indeed, Mr. Granville," she adds, turning to that surprised gent. "I think Miss Daniels will give a splendid rendition of the title rôle. Now, let us go, so we won't disturb rehearsals."

Now while all this was going on, boys and girls, Luck was getting ready to pull a climax. Still up to the hilt in love with Fay, Kempton Calhoun was beginning to get gah-gah as the date for her wedding with Jack got nearer and nearer. The fact that he wasn't so hot in the talkies, while *their* noisy looked like the knockout of the coming season, didn't soothe his feelings none either and when they wouldn't give him the leading male rôle in the charity show he sulked like a baby and wouldn't play nothing, though stars as big as him was playing bits.

Well, I'd bought Queenie a new car as one of the two wedding presents I give her—the other being myself—and the day before the performance of Jeanette she took me for a ride in it with Jack and Fay as ballast. We got away out on Ventura Boulevard when, alas, the motor signed off right in our faces and in spite of all me and Jack could do we simply couldn't get a tremor out of it.

Who rolled up to the rescue but Mr. Kempton Calhoun, in his shiny, nickel-plated imported speed boiler. After exchanging greetings with all the warm friendliness of boxers shaking hands before the bell, we arranged to have our menace drive us to the nearest garage. Me and Queenie climbed in the rumble, while Jack, Fay and Calhoun was all squeezed in the front seat.

From the start, this Calhoun bozo paid far more attention to Fay than he done to his driving and though Jack pretended not to notice this for a while it wasn't long before he begin to get red-headed.

A sudden, snarling remark from Jack brings the same kind of a answer from Calhoun and Fay swiftly leaned back to signal me frantically to smooth over matters. Might as well try to smooth over the rapids at Niagara! They kept on, nagging and sneering at each other, till Calhoun suddenly set his jaw and, jamming his foot down on the accelerator, shot ahead of the long line of cars at a speed which liked to've hurled me and Queenie out of the rumble seat.

THE fun waxed fast and furious then as we barely missed hitting cursing broad-jumpers and fairly flew around curves, two of which I was hysterically positive we was going to straighten out. Behind us trailed a couple of cold-eyed motor-cycle coppers, sirens going like nobody's business.

We rocked giddily around a turn and right in front of us one of them big oil trucks is lazily backing around to a service station. Too late Calhoun tried to slow down to about sixty miles a hour. He yanked back the emergency brake just as we struck the truck squarely in the center.

When I come back to life I was dumfounded but not exactly disappointed to find that, aside from a few scratches and bruises, I was oke. Gathered 'round me was a gaping, curious mob and from a glowering John Law I heard Queenie, Fay, Jack and Calhoun had been rushed to a hospital and a sympathetic bystander drove me there right away. I was all set to bump off Calhoun should Queenie be badly hurt, but thanks be to Heaven she was suffering more from shock than anything else. So was Fay and Jack, but Calhoun had been a treat for the ambulance surgeon, with everything broke but his grandmother's glasses. They let me visit Queenie, which immediately demanded to be took home, so I called a taxi while she asked the young interne about Fay.

"She'll be all right in a few days," he says carelessly.

"A few *days!*" gasps Queenie. "Why, she has to appear in the Bowl tomorrow night. She plays the lead in that big charity show, Jeanette, you know."

"She can't appear *any* place tomorrow night!" snorts the medico.

Queenie was very thoughtful all the

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way home and as we drew up to our love nest I cracked to her:

"Well, that's the end of the show. With Fay in dry dock—"

"There'll be a performance, Marty Evans, and I'll give it!" she cut me off grimly. "Didn't I rehearse Fay in that part till I've eaten it, dreamed it and lived it for weeks? Opportunity knocks once at the door of every man's house, but, honestly, it just kicks in the window when it comes to a woman's!"

The rest, my following, is history! My remarkable spouse went on the stage the next night at the Bowl and the way she sold the leading rôle of Jeanette had her taking five bows on her every entrance.

When the last curtain fell I had to battle my way to Queenie's dressing-room, where, with her beaming and credit-grabbing mother on guard, she was holding court.

"If you screen half as well as you look at present, Miss Davis, you'll be our best bet for many a season!" pipes up a scout from Colossal Productions, which is in the crowd. "I wish you'd put your name on this starring contract now, before you forget it."

I SNATCHED the paper away from him and looked it over carefully.

"Change them figures to fifteen hundred the week to start—I'm her manager!" I says. "And as for her screening well, she's already been on your payroll for three years, Boob, doubling for your milk-fed stars. You guys was blind, but I wasn't!"

"And they hang draperies!" ejaculated Queenie's mother. "Where's that fortune you fell heir to?"

I put my manly arm about Queenie.

"Right here!" I said proudly. "A good wife and health is a man's best wealth, as the old saying goes."

Yet to this day, my dears, my delightful mother-in-law calls me Mr. Queenie Davis.

The Last Reserve

Continued from page 15

Balling took the thermometer from the doctor's hand, almost snapping it away, and held it close to the light while he studied its reading.

"That thermometer," Colonel Blackridge broke the silence, "must be defective, gentlemen." He faced the general resolutely. "I am in proper condition to command my regiment in action—it would be fatal for anyone else to take hold now."

General Balling stood looking back at him in the ominous humor of one who hovers on the verge of instant drastic action. He decided shortly in favor of delay.

"An embarrassing moment to swap horses, Blackridge," he assented incisively. "Under the circumstances we'll dismiss the matter—for the time being!" He put a suggestive emphasis on the final words and dropped the thermometer significantly into his overcoat pocket. "Now, then, getting to the purpose of my visit, are you sure you have everything ready for a jump-off?"

"Yes, sir, everything is ready."

"You understand that your objectives—must—be—taken—without—delay!"

"That is understood perfectly by all, sir."

The general bristled. "You stiffened your ranks with the warning—as I suggested?"

"I will be responsible, sir," Colonel Blackridge replied evenly, "for the performance of my regiment in action."

THINGS were going badly with Colonel Blackridge. Three hours after the taking off of a brilliant initial attack, that had carried his line on up the hill within striking distance of the final objective, his right assault battalion was hung up on a snag. The snag was an unfortunate terrain feature; a series of undulating ground welts, topped by scraggly brush, that belted the hill a hundred yards below its military crest and offered hard-driven men irresistible cover against the savage furor that was decimating their number. Successive support waves merely piled up in this secure area, out of the storm. The enemy, quick to exploit its advantage, concentrated machine guns and musketry on the critical terrain with a devilish intensity that would have challenged the mettle of veteran troops.

Orders for the left battalion to lend strong fire support to the right failed to carry the line forward. The flattened platoons clung stubbornly to cover, their men scattered and out of hand of the company officers. Finally the left dug in lightly and held, evidently well content to stay on the ground out of the tempest that raged overhead. Until that storm abated, or the right was whipped together and nerved up again, the journey to the crest of the volcano was too much for the souls of men who were taking their baptism of fire.

Colonel Blackridge read with stolid deliberation the messages that told him of his grim crisis. His hand was steady as he took from the trembling fingers of staff officers field messages that were written in jumpy scrawls. If panic tugged at him as he saw his world toppling above him—his good name, his commission, his life dangling in the balance—he made no show of his emotions in a moment when panic on his part could only feed the disaster.

He wrote with steady hand and an air of outward calm the order that took away his last material resource for effecting the issue—his regimental reserve. Against the right of the line he fed it in. Organized and in hand its strength might carry the scattered platoons forward again and save the day.

If it failed—

The colonel shifted uneasily in his seat and then closed his mind against that terrifying thought. Half an hour later, when the news came in, he arose and stood, haggard and drawn, his hands clenched, his face set in a grimace of resolution against the terror that sought to overwhelm him. The reserves had flattened out. His regiment was stopped. There was no time, with the wires shot out, to appeal now to brigade or division for support. Grimly calm again and in full possession of his goaded senses, Colonel Blackridge buckled on his pistol and turned to send forward the one man who was his last reserve—himself.

"I'm going forward to reconnoiter," he announced simply, and left his command post behind.

Among the tangled squads and platoons that were hung upon the brushy slopes of the hill, the colonel made his way. As men saw their regimental commander, stooped low, but cool and collected, the news of his presence on the line spread swiftly.

"Has the enemy got us whipped?" the colonel demanded of them, in an effort to rally their fighting spirit, pointing an accusing finger at the crest of the hill.

Officers and noncommissioned officers picked up his words. A platoon sergeant leaped to his feet out of a shell

(*Continued on page 42*)

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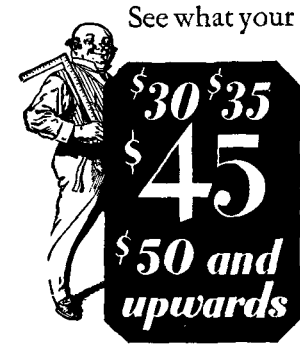

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CHAPTER 1

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WILDROOT

Hair Tonic... Tavoleum Shampoo

(*Continued from page 41*)

hole and attempted to rally his men with the cry. He collapsed, a lifeless heap. Whistles began shrieking. Tension tightened. Men groaned aloud, and some hugged the ground in despair, in certain knowledge of what the colonel's presence meant. A captain fell trying to get his men together. A squad arose and started forward, dropping to cover again as two men fell. The colonel's fighting slogan slowly ebbed and died.

THE first sergeant leaped to his feet, moved by the colonel's presence on the line, and began shouting at the top of his lungs:

"Climb on and ride—we're going up. Climb on—and—ride!"

A corporal sprang erect. "Climb on and ride. We're going up!" he repeated the cry. "Climb on—and—ride!"

This strange cry swept along the lines with the swiftness of fire in tinder. It rose to a crescendo above the savage pinging of musketry. It grew into a battle cry, a thing of magic that stirred men's souls to a passion that was stronger within them than the fear of death. A squad went rushing into the open, crouched low, firing, bayonets flashing. The squad melted under a concentrated outburst of fire. Another squad went out, and another.

The whole area in rear of the fatal welts of earth stirred with bristling figures, rushing determinedly ahead, driven by a mad cry that was ringing from a thousand throats: "Climb on and ride—we're going up!" The screaming of mortars became the screeching of brakes. And the whole regiment was out for a ride now, a ride to the crest—inspired by no deeper apparent reason than that a score of them had ridden once before in the colonel's car.

At seven o'clock Colonel Blackridge sat under the yellow light of his oil lamp in the new command post that had been hurriedly cut into the base of the hill which he had acquired during the day. He pondered heavily over the last of a litter of reports he had completed. It was the regimental cost sheet—one man in seven. The impact of his forehead upon the table aroused him again, and he got to his feet to remain standing, that his battalion commanders might find him awake when they arrived for the day's final conference.

When the battalion commanders came he outlined to them his plan for holding through the night what they had gained, should its possession be challenged. His instructions were clear and lucid, except that occasionally his mind went out in mid-sentence and he had to pause to pick up the broken thread and start over. When the conference was ended he thanked them for their part in the day's success. The regiment had taken its objectives on time. More, it had been able to pull the right regiment of the brigade up by enfilade fire when the other regiment was held up far below its own objective. Of the morning's delay he said nothing. The attack had succeeded: the only fact that counted now.

He turned for a final check of his maps, upon which now appeared innumerable new markings. When that was done he could sleep—such sleep as the night would allow him! When conditions would permit he must have much sleep. The surgeon had told him this, and in no uncertain tones. It was exhaustion that had sent up his temperature—a toxic condition that could not be forever ignored, the doctor added. He was swaying again over his map, fighting sleep, when a message came in.

"From D. H. Q., sir," said the adjutant in an awed voice.

Colonel Blackridge tore it open awkwardly, his hand unsteady from an uneasy apprehension. It was the first word from higher headquarters since the wires went out. A staff officer from Division had been in early to observe and question. That was all.

He sat for a long time staring at the message, reading it word by word, at first in the vague hope that he might have misunderstood. Then, as its crushing message fixed itself upon his fagged brain, it slipped from his fingers.

"Donnelly is on his way over to relieve you," the message read. "You will turn your regiment over to him on his arrival. Report to me immediately."

That was all. No explanation, no opportunity given him to present his case. It was signed by the division commander in his own handwriting. There could be no mistaking the decisiveness of that sort of message.

"Perhaps, sir," suggested his adjutant hopefully, "they are taking you over there for hospital treatment, sir."

Colonel Blackridge reflected upon this possibility for a moment and shook his head. "I am the sole judge of my physical condition," he said. "In the field a regimental commander is not sick while he can stand on his feet."

The new colonel came in almost on the heels of the message, fresh, radiant and fit for duty. He paused in front of Colonel Blackridge and saluted.

"Colonel Donnelly reports," he said formally, then added in a more personal way, "I'm certainly glad to get a crack at a regiment, Blackridge. I've pretty nearly passed out marking time as a supernumerary with a real show going on."

COLONEL BLACKRIDGE rose brokenly, pulled himself together and extended his hand. "I've done my best with this regiment, Donnelly," he said. "I only hope you fare better with it than I have."

"Any special policies that you've put in that are a hobby with the old outfit?" Donnelly inquired amiably. "I don't want to upset anything you've been doing."

"That's mighty decent of you," Colonel Blackridge replied. He thought in heavy silence for some moments and added: "I only hope you'll not let Balling put over his reign-of-terror ideas on you, Donnelly. I feel this regiment proved today it doesn't—"

"What on earth you talking about?" the new colonel broke in sharply. "Don't you know what's happened?"

"I've heard nothing," responded Blackridge, "except that I've been relieved of my command—with no reason given me."

Donnelly laughed aloud. "Why, Balling stormed and raved around today under high pressure and made such a mess of things Division busted him. He's halfway to Blois by now. That's why they're relieving you of your regiment—to take command of his brigade."

Frame the Cover

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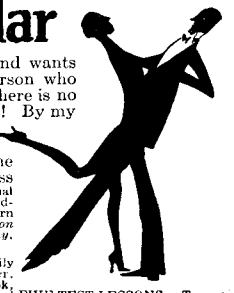

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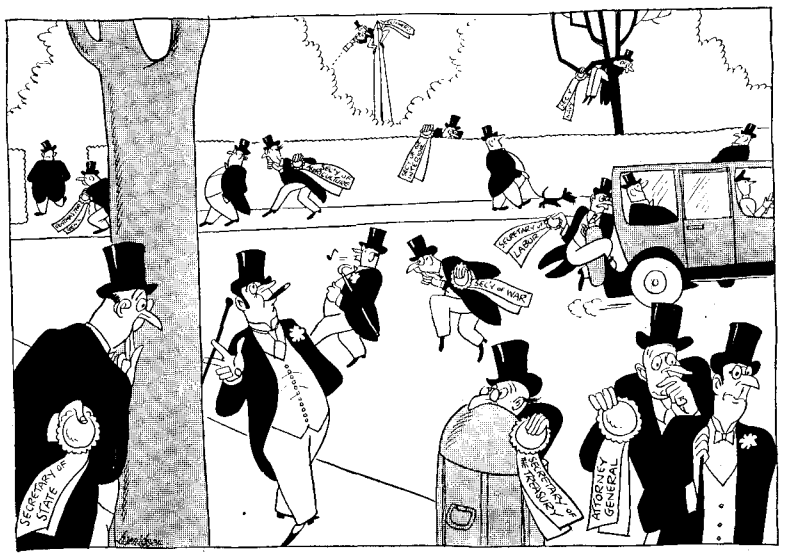

The Tapping Season's on

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

THE process of selecting Mr. Hoover's Cabinet has been going on for some time, but unless the President-elect differs from his predecessors the whole slate is not yet finally determined upon.

The last member of President Wilson's Cabinet to be chosen, Lindley M. Garrison, was not picked until two or three days before March 4th. And Mr. Garrison, chosen rather hastily and without the usual study and consideration, proved not to be harmonious with his chief and resigned.

To avoid accidents of that kind, to obviate the possibility that something will turn up about a candidate's history which will give the opposition a chance to attack him, to listen to all objections to a man under consideration, to satisfy the politicians as much as is consistent with the public interest, to leave room for last-minute shifts, a President-elect proceeds slowly and keeps his own counsel about his tentative selections. Men go on and off the slate, often more than once.

The new President ordinarily has two or three men in mind whom he especially desires to have in his Cabinet. They may be cynically described as the window dressing, but that is hardly fair, for every President wishes to have some able advisers in his official family in whom the public has confidence. If the public sees two of these first-class men in a Cabinet it does not look much farther. It calls it a great Cabinet and lets it go at that.

Personal Appointments

Thus Mr. Harding won general applause for his Cabinet by putting Mr. Hughes in it as Secretary of State, Mr. Mellon in it as Secretary of the Treasury and Mr. Hoover in it as Secretary of Commerce. With those headliners in it the country overlooked the appointment of Mr. Daugherty as Attorney General.

Mr. Daugherty was a personal appointee of Mr. Harding. Presidents usually make some personal appointments to their Cabinets, though these are not necessarily Daughertys.

The rest of the Cabinet is usually made up of men of whom the President knows little except what he has learned in the process of selection. They are men recommended to him by the politicians or the business interests or by both.

Geographical and other considerations enter into their selection. For picking a Cabinet, like everything else in life, is a matter of compromise. The President starts out with the hope of getting ten ideal men and is fortunate if he gets two or three ideal men.

Someone estimated that there were not more than twenty ideal Cabinet members in the country and added that most of them for one reason or another were not available for appointment.

Now a man who has been recommended for a Cabinet post, outside of course of the two or three whom the President selects with full knowledge of their characters and attainments, goes through an experience a good deal like that which an engaged man faces when presented to the girl's parents.

Inspecting the Candidate

The candidate for the Cabinet receives a call from someone who is close to the President-elect. The two perhaps have lunch together on some pretext or other. If the candidate is wise he knows he is being inspected by a scout. The two may discuss public affairs. The candidate's opinions are under inspection. An impression is formed of his personality. Even his clothes are eyed and his table manners.

There are two grades of these scouts, the lesser scouts and the greater scouts. If a candidate passes muster with a lesser scout, some greater scout may have to see him before he reaches the tentative slate. An adverse report from the greater scout is generally final.

Colonel House, when President Wilson was making up his Cabinet, was the chief scout. It is probable that he passed upon every member of Wilson's Cabinet except Mr. Bryan, who was reluctantly appointed Secretary of State because of what was regarded as a political necessity.

The process is not ended when the scouts, greater and less, have made their reports. Here is where publicity comes in. It discreetly leaks out that John Smith is under consideration for a place in the Cabinet. Perhaps he is already on the tentative slate.

This is a signal for all his opponents, especially the supporters of other candidates for the same post, to open an attack upon him. His appointment will split the party in his state. He has figured in a labor injunction case, and organized labor is against him. He has been the counsel of bootleggers. He goes off the tentative slate and perhaps when his friends rally to his defense goes back on it again. And so ultimately ten men are selected and the Cabinet is announced.

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Personally Conducted

Continued from page 13

razor. This was called the Velvet Sweep. It was recently on the market and because I am an alert person I was one of the first in California to use it. What I fancied about it was that it did not resemble a razor in the least. It looked like a fountain pen and cost ten dollars.

All Going Somewhere

The remaining days fled and presently we stood upon the threshold of our voyage to Naples. The Hillary Castle steamed into San Francisco from New York, took on a load of oranges and radio sets and was ready for the great adventure. Esther and I arrived in San Francisco on a train, surrounded by luggage. Harold Demuth likewise appeared and met us at the New York and Orient pier, his countenance wreathed in smiles. And standing there on the dock, amid piles of uncured leather, canned peaches, knocked-down automobiles and gasoline in barrels, I first beheld my future companions, the associates who would be, as you might say, constantly at my side for many weeks.

"Esther," I remarked in a sad voice, "there stands the ocean liner Hillary Castle tugging at her hawsers."

"Yes," said Esther. "Isn't it fascinating?"

"And there, as you can see, are two hundred American citizens—one hundred males and one hundred females, all going somewhere over the sea."

The spouse murmured inaudibly, for she was staring in admiration at the confused scenes before her. Partly disrobed gentlemen were pushing barrels about, donkey engines rattled with the ear-splitting noises donkey engines make and cables swung in the air, hoisting freight from the pier to the hold. A friendly hand clutched me and a friendly voice spoke:

"Come aboard, Mr. Waxman, and look at your cabin."

It was Harold, the tourist guide, doing his first bit of guiding.

We followed him up the gangplank, bumped our heads against the usual beam, faced the curious stares of passengers and visitors, and finally entered Cabin One Hundred.

"There you are," said Harold, and he departed to aid others.

We looked at One Hundred. A Chinese boy began bringing in our baggage. There were two beds, a sofa and a chest of drawers. Esther sat on one bed and looked about, still flushed with the novelty of the adventure.

"We will be here," I remarked, sitting on the other bed, "two months and ten days, or seventy days, including that many nights. This ship, the Hillary Castle, will go gadding about the world, peeking into strange ports, and we will sleep seventy sleeps in these twin beds. I will shave seventy times before your mirror, including storms at sea."

"Isn't it a lovely room?" she inquired.

"And the terrifying part is," I continued, "once this so-called Hillary Castle pokes her nose westward into the Pacific, once she starts for China, one cannot get off and go home."

"It's gorgeous," said my traveling friend. "You are not sorry, Roger?"

"I am not exactly sorry, but I am covered with goose flesh. What if I don't like this boat?"

"You'll love it," spoke the optimist.

"Seventy days," I murmured, rising. "The Flood only lasted forty." We then hurried up on deck to look at the other passengers.

One of the jolly features of travel is the uncertainty of everything and when you stand upon the deck of your stout steamer, one hour before she casts off, the problem is; "Who's going and who isn't?" Advance passenger lists informed us that two hundred American citizens sailed with the Hillary Castle and as we leaned against a belaying pin and looked them over we saw at least five hundred bright-eyed strangers carrying flowers, lunch-boxes and trick cameras to take moving pictures aboard. The Hillary Castle isn't that large.

"Who are all these people?" asked Esther.

"Some of them are going to get seasick," I answered, "but most of them belong to the great legion of seers-off. You cannot kill a seer-off and nothing discourages him. He never dies and the sight of a boat tied to a dock or a train steaming up throws him into spasms. The true seer-off would refuse to go anywhere if invited, his joy reaching its highest ecstasy just as he is forcibly ejected one minute before a ship or train departs, and his greatest happiness comes when he is mistaken for a regular passenger."

The bells of departure rang, whistles blew, people began tossing confetti and a band started playing "Auld Lang Syne." Colored paper ribbons floated in the afternoon air and the sunshine seemed to grow more brilliant as we approached the zero hour. There was pleasant excitement from one end of the ship to the other. Sailors ran about and stewards trotted with bags and boxes. Everybody on board crowded to the shore rail and stared down at the larger crowd that was going nowhere, except home to supper—the seers-off in their final throes. Last-minute telegrams were received and sent. There was waving of handkerchiefs and throwing of kisses and the clock struck five. Simultaneously, the Hillary Castle trembled slightly and by gazing down at the pier one could see that the Waxman family was going to Naples.

I walked slowly to the stern as the ship dodged ferry boats and headed for the Golden Gate and reflected with a sigh that it would be two or three months before I could swing a brassie or putt across the velvet fairness of some foreign green.

Harold Demuth appeared in the offing and grinned.

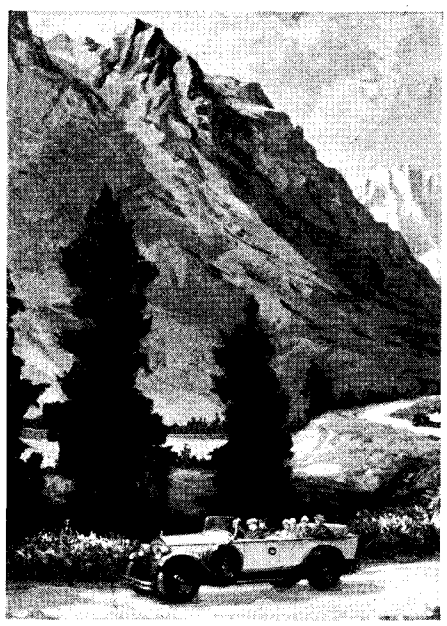
"I have taken care of you in the dining-room," he stated.

The First Meal

A few moments later we descended to the dining-room and walked to our table with the fixed smiles travelers wear when sitting down to their first meal aboard ship. Harold led the way. He turned out to be a good egg and was kind to us later on when we were unhappy. I shall never forget Harold Demuth, and if he is ever discharged by the tourist company, I shall be among the first to write him a cordial letter.

"Good evening," said Harold with the optimism that was to endear him to us all. "This is Mr. and Mrs. Waxman of Glen Echo, California."

We bowed. Two strangers looked up from their soup and bowed solemnly. We sat down and I looked at the faces about me, strangers all, and figured rapidly. Seventy days on this ship would mean two hundred and ten meals, if one were able to eat them all, if one were uninterrupted. The strangers continued to sip their soup and I went on multiplying days by meals and wondering.



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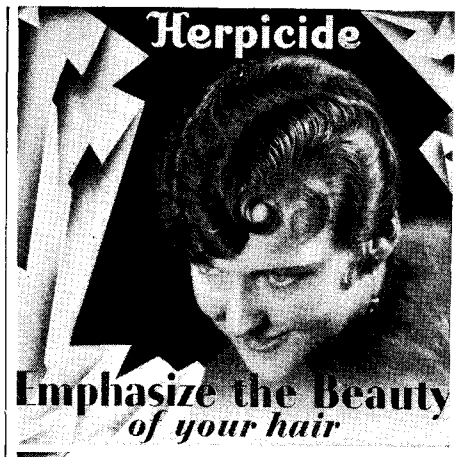

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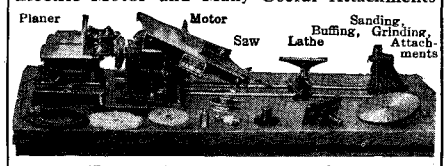

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The two at our table were Mr. and Mrs. Albert Secor of South Chicago, who were quite notable persons, especially at home, for they had invented a new school of thought which was described as the South Chicago Academy of Mental Science, the main feature of which, as I came to understand it, was that a person could eat anything and still avoid indigestion and ptomaine poisoning. It was, they said, a great comfort to those of advanced years who after a small slab of mince pie suffer gastric qualms.

"Mr. Waxman," inquired the male Secor, "do you have dyspepsia?"

"Very rarely. Why?"

"Because," he said, starting in low gear, and as I happened to be sitting next to him the first evening at sea, I found out many interesting facts about South Chicago Science. I learned that I could eat cucumbers and milk in equal proportions, no matter how worn out my machinery. After dinner I led Esther to one side.

"One must act promptly," I said. "When you are officially seated in the ship's dining-room, you must keep your chair for the voyage or deliberately affront somebody. I believe it will be all right if you sit next to Mr. Secor, if you sit next to him now."

Esther said it made no difference where she sat.

I Decide to Go Home

After dinner we listened to the ship's concert and played bridge with the Hinmans of Detroit until eleven o'clock. The Hinmans were in the bond business and were going around the world to cheer up Mr. Hinman, who had lately come down with a nervous attack.

After being on board the Hillary Castle for ten or eleven hours, I decided to get off and go home. This decision was reached at sea, probably one hundred miles out, the hour being early morning.

It was soon after three A. M. when I was torn from the arms of Morpheus by ten active Chinamen equipped with sandpaper, iron holystones, wire brushes and general tools for putting in a pavement. Being a landlubber, I knew nothing of the customs of the sea and it appeared that one of the ancient practices is to begin cleaning up soon after midnight. The first move is to swab the decks and the Hillary Castle was famous for its Chinese swabbers, who were fanatics with a pail of water and a holystone.

Our cabin was so arranged that the top deck passed within six inches of my upper ear, and soon after the Chinese nation began blasting I roused myself. From three to six I listened.

"Esther," I said, "our trip around the world is ending for me even before I expected. I am getting off the boat tomorrow."

"You can't. We don't land for a week."

"I am getting off in a rowboat," I repeated above the Chinese cannonading, "and if they haven't any rowboats, I shall get off in a paper cup. This is arrant nonsense."

Esther returned immediately to the sound slumber from which I had awakened her, and I spent three hours devising horrible forms of torture for Chinamen on liners.

The Chinese feature of our voyage interested all on board, for none of us had ever seen so many Chinamen under one roof. All told there were one hundred and sixty brown-skinned coolies and they skittered about tirelessly, polishing doorknobs that didn't need polish, chattering the strange sounds they use for language and grinning at the foolish Caucasians who had paid out good money to go riding on a boat. Officers on the Hillary Castle numbered fifteen—fifteen white men, commanding one hundred and sixty Celestials.

"Do these Chinks ever get round to starting a mutiny?" I inquired of the first mate, recalling tales of Chinese piracy on the high seas.

"Oh, no," he said, laughing.

"They seem so numerous," I murmured, "and only fifteen white men to keep them in hand."

The mate chuckled at my ignorance. "You're forgetting the passengers," he said tolerantly.

"What have the passengers to do with it?"

"Well, suppose we did have trouble. We never do have it, but suppose we happened to hit something in a heavy sea and the coolies rushed the boats. What is the first thing we do?"

Several gentlemen were listening, but no one could reply.

"Why, we simply arm each male passenger with either a pistol or a shotgun. We might have to shoot down eight or nine Chinks in a panic, but there wouldn't be a minute when we wouldn't have complete control of the situation."

"Ever had a panic at sea?" asked Mr. Macumber, a lumber merchant, making his first voyage, a naturally pale man who seemed paler than usual.

"No, sir."

"And if we ever do have one," I put in, "you can arm me with a slingshot."

Later on, when I became acquainted with the captain, I had further facts. I had been inquiring about the coolie crew and wondering.

"Well," said the captain, "I see nothing to worry over. Suppose the Chinamen did run off with the boats. What of it? They wouldn't, but what if they did?"

"What of it!" I cried. "Suppose the ship were sinking in a heavy Pacific storm, with two hundred passengers and the small boats full of hurrying Chinamen."

"In the first place, such a thing couldn't happen, because I wouldn't permit it. That's why they have a captain on these ships. As far as the small boats are concerned, I'd stay right here on deck."

"And sink?"

"Certainly. I'd rather sink in comfort, if I had to sink. Did you ever see the Pacific in a heavy storm, Mr. Waxman? Did you ever notice one of the small boats?"

"The outlook is not particularly jolly," I said, staring at the captain, who had a cold blue eye.

"The outlook," he said, "is all right. We may have no storms at all. I have gone completely round the world and never seen a ripple from New York to New York."

The Safest Place in the World

He leaned gently upon the gate that keeps people off the bridge. He was smoking an after-luncheon cigarette and several of the passengers paused to listen.

"This," he continued cheerfully, indicating the ship, "is the safest place in the world—the deck of a ship. Automobiles, trains, airplanes, street cars and pedestrians, each one is dangerous and collects its annual toll, but a staunch liner knocks around from place to place and usually nothing ever happens to her."

"And when it does happen," I remarked, "it makes good reading."

Honolulu and the not always bright Pacific lie ahead! There's another page from the Waxman family log—On a Night Like This—in next week's Collier's.

My idea for an all-star audience—
Glenn Hunter

"LAST SPRING I played in George C. Tyler's spirited all-star revival of 'She Stoops to Conquer.'

"Playing in all-star casts is most enjoyable. They spur me on to do my best work . . . Sometimes I wish there could be an all-star *audience,* too. Such an audience would be a *coughless* one.

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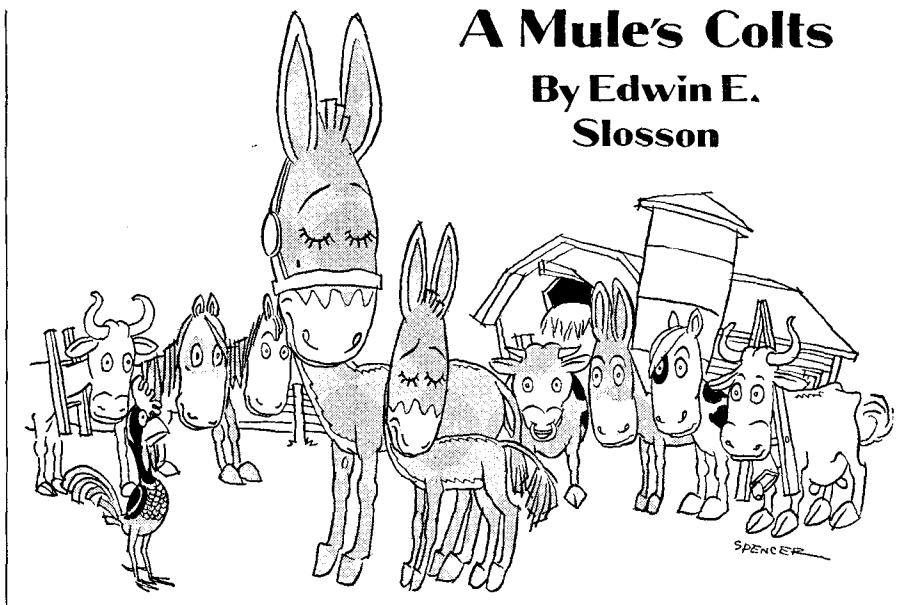
A Mule's Colts

By Edwin E. Slosson



A FEW years ago when the evolution controversy was hot in Texas a discussion of the question took place in the smoking-room of a train in which the "anti" of the group was arguing that Nature had fixed species forever by her immutable decree that all hybrids must be infertile.

"I'll not believe in evolution," he said, "till you can show me the foal of a mule."

"When I was down at the Texas Agricultural College the other day, I saw a mule suckling her colt," remarked one man.

The Fundamentalist looked at the speaker as if he would like to call him by a short and ugly name. But such language is not safe in Texas. So he contented himself with the remark, "Well, I don't believe in evolution anyway." Which was a more tenable position for him than his first. For the fertility of hybrids has no direct bearing upon the question of the transmutation of species. In some cases widely separated forms will cross, while on the other hand we all know of infertile marriages between couples of the same branch of the human race.

The Texas mule mare "Old Beck" gave birth in 1920, at the age of 20, to a female offspring sired by a jack. In 1922 she was mated with a stallion and produced a male bay colt, looking like his sire, but showing a mulish obstinacy in crossing ditches. He has been mated with a mare and produced a male foal. The Journal of Heredity, which describes these remarkable cases in its September issue, reports later another instance of a foal from a jack and a mare mule.

The chief cause of the controversy over "the origin of species" is due to the misunderstanding as to the meaning of the word "species" as used in science. From the amount of discussion that goes on in botany and zoölogy over specific names, it is obvious that the definition of a species is largely artificial and often arbitrary. The distinctions drawn for convenience of classification between varieties, species and genera are in close cases due to the judgment of the individual as to the degree of difference in kind. Everybody knows the difference between a mountain and a hill, or a river and a creek, but nobody can draw a dividing line between them.

Many years ago a Wyoming geologist discovered some strange ferns in the rocks of that region and sent a sack of the specimens for identification to the leading authority on fossil botany in Washington. The expert was so much interested in them that he came out to see the site. I happened to be standing by when he got off the train. Said the local geologist modestly: "I suppose you could not make much out of the few fragments I sent you?"

"Well, yes," replied the expert, "I made five new species and two new genera out of them." And he added meditatively, "And I think some of them will stick."

Human Harpies

Every living creature is dying all the time. If he should stop dying he would stop living. Throughout life the cells must be continually renewed. That's why we eat. Each person during his lifetime is a procession of personalities, each in turn changing gradually into his successor as one lantern slide dissolves into the next. And in the end his friends dispose of only the last of the long series of the bodies in which his individuality has been successively incarnated.

What has become of all the rest of them? Who disposed of them? The answer to these questions is one of the strangest things about the body. They disposed of themselves. Each cell when it dies dissolves itself, for it carries around within itself all through its life the means of its own dissolution. This reminds us of the Japanese samurai who wears the swords with which to commit hara-kiri when his honor demands it. Or, better, of the Chinese mandarin who takes with him on his travels his coffin.

This means is a sort of enzyme or ferment, similar to those in the digestive juices which liquefy the meat we eat. But the stomach does not digest itself. The intestine does not attack the tapeworm that lives in it. But once the life has departed, the protective influence, whatever this may be, ceases to act. A piece of meat will decompose spontaneously if still kept warm and wet. Liver becomes sweet through the change of starchy stuff into sugar.

Professor Donnan put the point beautifully in his recent Glasgow address:

"The harpies of death sleep in every unit of our living bodies, but as long as life is there their wings are bound and their devouring mouths are closed."

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The Mightiest Dollar

Continued from page 22

inclined toward transpacific expansion, as the chance words of a stranger will sometimes influence the decisions of an executive quite as much as diligent argument by his colleagues.

"From the first," Dollar boasts, "my venture into the Orient was a success. Had I known the eagerness with which Japanese and Chinese merchants awaited American trade I would have been in transpacific shipping years before."

He made a comprehensive tour of China and Japan in 1887 to measure the prospects for intensive trading. He met more than his share of mandarins and samurai; but his concern was with yellow gentlemen and brown who managed the importing and exporting commerce of China and Japan.

Immune to the Lure of the Sea

"'We are not innocents,' one old Chinese merchant explained to me over a hospitable cup of tea by the waterfront in Shanghai. 'Yet we can be duped—once. Give us what we want and we shall buy. Send what we do not want and it will rot in our harbors!'

"I've never lost a dollar with them or a customer among them," is one of Dollar's boasts. "They are the most trustworthy people in the world when you have earned their confidence."

He becomes impatient and even irascible over America's neglect of mercantile possibilities in the Orient.

"The British have always taken China and Japan seriously," he says. "We have only really begun to appreciate our opportunity—and our tobacco men seized it first, our moving-picture men second."

If there is passion in his apostleship for commerce between the United States and the Far East it is justified—by China and the United States. The governments of both countries agreed on Robert Dollar, during the war, as their commissioner for a shipbuilding transaction involving $30,000,000 without requiring him to be bonded for a dime.

Threads of adventure woven through Robert Dollar's life fabric are forgotten or disregarded in his concentrated drive for commerce. For a far-visioned pioneer he is singularly immune to the lure of the sea. He thinks of it in terms of tides and miles, not as a watery arena for whims of nature and passions of men.

"Operating ships is no different from operating railroads," he proceeds. "Excepting that we had more risks in the matter of personnel before prohibition came along. Coarser fellows in our crews—often very good workers—would bury themselves in drunkenness in home ports when they returned from a voyage. Now they don't drink at home because they can get good liquor in foreign countries.

"The La Follette act, which was an attempt to increase the comfort and pay of American seamen, had good effects and bad. It lifted the standard of living at sea; but prescribed a host of impractical regulations—such as giving us an impossible ratio of native and imported crews—75 per cent native. In face of competition we couldn't recruit that many Americans, or pay them according to American standards and emerge with a profit.

"I discussed the operation of that law with three Presidents—Talf, Wilson and Harding. All agreed with me that certain of its provisions must be suspended. They were."

A granddaughter romped into the room at this point—the child of a dead daughter. The girl had been overhearing our conversation and when her grandfather illustrated the renown of his shipping line by naming the countless regional offices she mentioned a letter from an Egyptian who had applied

(*Continued on page 48*)

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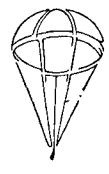

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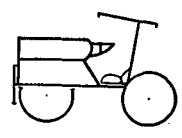

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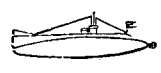

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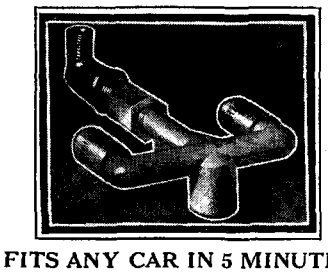

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(*Continued from page 47*)

for a job as steward on a Dollar ship.

"It's in my gripsack there," said Robert Dollar. "The letter."

"But what about the Egyptian?" I inquired. "Did he get the job?"

"No," he snapped. "We don't touch Egypt, and Egyptians don't make good sailors to my knowledge."

One could imagine this final judgment being delivered hundreds of times on hundreds of men in an executive career comprising 60 years. Make no mistake, it would be final, for men who amass millions through conclusive decisions temporize only on questions of money, not of other men.

The lesson of Robert Dollar's life, and its value to those who strive for a way through the world, is not the acquisitiveness that brought him a fleet of 40 ships, nor the talent for administration that has enabled him to manage his fleets and his men in bad season and good. Acquisitiveness can be a vice as easily as it can be turned into a virtue —if it is ambitious and successful enough. And talent is a gift.

Decisiveness is the net of his message to his fellow men.

"Literally," he said, "I have never waited for my ship to come in. I have sent it out, bottom and cargo insured against loss, and then busied myself to equip and load other ships to send out, knowing that if by energy and industry I could keep things moving ultimate reward—the return of the ship—would be certain.

The Measure of Success

"A lazy man, like Micawber, can wait for something to turn up. He may even succeed in gaining some sort of livelihood; but laziness never yet developed power, and power, whether it be in ships or sealing-wax, is the measure of success in life."

Ironic, perhaps, for a patriarch of 85 to talk of power. But so long as men write the story of the sea there must be reckoned with the name of a man who was never a sailor and never wanted to be one. And that memorial testifies to power.

"The Gobble-uns 'll Git You"

Continued from page 9

shoot any rabbits over here,' she said. 'Oh, yes I can,' I answered. But I was wrong about it. She hexed the gun. I shot eight times at one rabbit, and every time the shot would just roll out of the end of the barrel."

"Remarkable," I exclaimed in real admiration. "And how did you finally get rid of this amiable neighbor?"

"Well, I'll tell you about that: We had a horse which we worked to a light wagon and one day he wouldn't work. He was not sick. We knew that and so we knew he must be hexed. I went to the Professor, he told me what to do, and so the next day when the horse wouldn't pull I just took the hatchet and chopped hard on the spokes of the wagon. And at that same time that woman, who was chopping wood in her yard, almost chopped her hand off. We had no more trouble with her."

The Magic Broomstick

"Served her right," I remarked. "And now, Carl, will you tell me about the broomstick?"

"Sure. Sure thing," answered Carl. "I'll tell you about the broomstick. We have used it in my own house and I know all about it. My brother, you see, he used to work in the mill and as he had to go to work at midnight the whistle would blow at eleven-thirty to wake him up. Well, he began to have trouble. Every night when he would dress and start to the mill the suspender buttons would all come off his pants and he would have to stop and fix them on. But he couldn't sew them on so tight that they wouldn't come off the next night again and so he was always late. He told the boss what was the matter and the boss told him he was hexed and to lay down the broomstick. He did it the next day. He laid the broomstick across the front door and in the morning a woman came and she said, 'Pick up the broomstick.' But my brother, he said: 'No, it is not in my way. You pick it up.' But the woman wouldn't do it, and she wouldn't step over it either, and so we knew she was the witch who had put the hex on my brother. She stood there for an hour, then she went away and after that my brother never had any more trouble with his pants buttons."

That these people believe in witchcraft, and spells, and the pow-wow is now causing the state of Pennsylvania a whole lot of trouble. When we contemplate the antics of some of the crooks and quacks who have moved into the state to take advantage of the gullibility of its simple-minded citizens, it is quite apparent that something must be done about it.

Take, for example, the case of the Professor who sold Carl the bag to hang on the cow's neck and the peg to drive in the barn. This gentleman came into prominence some years ago when he stepped out with the announcement that a baby with one eye (and that eye right in the middle of its forehead) had just been born into his family. For three days the distressed father pow-wowed, so he said, over his deformed child and, lo, a miracle was performed. The abnormal eye disappeared, two normal ones came into their right and proper places, and thereafter the Professor was able to exhibit the child as proof of the achievement.

His fame grew.

A young woman called on him for advice. He listened to her story and diagnosed her trouble by telling the girl that her husband had hexed her. This, of course, was enough to make any woman mad. She went home, got down the family shotgun and that evening when her husband came home for supper she removed herself forever from under his baleful influence by completely demolishing him. She is now in the penitentiary.

Another sufferer, a man, came to the Professor to complain that he wasn't feeling well. The Professor studied this case and finally advised his client that he was under a spell cast upon him by an old couple who lived in his neighborhood. The client was advised not to worry greatly because, for $50 he would reverse the magic machinery and cast the evil influence back upon those who had originated it. The patient dug up the money, the Professor got busy and within three months the aged couple died.

The certificates say they both died of cancer of the stomach, but you can't make anybody in the little community in which this happened believe that the credit for the whole thing isn't entirely due to the Professor.

This man is still carrying on his trade and has a large following. So has another man whose voodoo is even more spectacular.

In the city of York there lived a man whose wife was soon to become a

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mother. This wizard knew this couple to be believers in witchcraft, and so one dark night, there came three measured raps on the door of their little dwelling. The husband ran and opened it and there before his frightened eyes was a death's head, with no body to it, which walked across the porch and disappeared. The next morning the frightened husband called on the wizard. The wizard consulted a bowl of water. In it he read death for the mother; saw that she was constantly pursued by a big black dog, which was, of course, invisible to her, and by that bowl of water, also, the wizard was advised to charge $200 to dispose of the dog. The man paid up, the dog ceased to follow the woman and everybody was happy.

Then again this same wizard invented an eye lotion, called it "tears from a sea serpent" and with it worked many miracles. A confederate or two, who pretended to be blind, had their sight permanently restored and the wizard arranged to sell a gullible farmer a third interest in the discovery for $7,000. But the deal was blocked and the wizard arrested. Being a wizard, though, he wriggled out of it.

What Can the Lawmakers Do?

Meanwhile the State Board of Medical Education and Licensure is holding meetings at Harrisburg and trying to determine on a course of education that will eradicate the belief in black magic that persists in York, Lehigh, Berks and several other counties. The board can, and is, taking action against such artists as the Professor and the wizard, but what can they do about the scores of honest, God-fearing, pow-wow practitioners, mostly old men and women, who charge nothing for their services and who do more business in the rural districts in a week than the regular doctors do in a year?

Well, for one thing, it is expected that the legislature of Pennsylvania, at its next session, in the year A. D. 1929, will pass a LAW AGAINST WITCHCRAFT!

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The University of the Night

THE young Lincoln, poring over borrowed schoolbooks far into the night—seeking in the dim light of his log fire the transforming light of knowledge—eager to grow—eager to do—here is a picture that has touched the hearts of men in every country—here is an example which, for three score years, has inspired the man who strives against the odds of circumstance to make his place in the world.

Tonight, in cities and towns and villages, on isolated farms and on the seven seas—thousands of men will drop their daily labors to fight, beneath the lamp, the battle that Lincoln fought—to wring from the hours of the night the education of which circumstance deprived them in the days when they might have gone to school.

Up from the mines, down from the masts of ships, from behind counters and plows, from chauffeurs' seats and engine cabs, from factories and offices—from all the places where men work they will go home and take up their books because they yearn to grow, because they seek higher training, greater skill, more responsibility, lives more profitable and work more satisfying.

Fifty years ago these men, some of them married, all of them with a living to earn by day, would have had no place to turn for the courses of study and for the personal guidance that they need.

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THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor*

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor

Two and Two still make Four

THE continuance of the marvelous prosperity which we have so long enjoyed rests in our hands. Business is good. Underlying economic conditions are healthy. The government has authority to do as much as any government can to preserve general prosperity. Banks and other financial agencies are alert and eager to make their expert knowledge of service to us.

But the final power to act rests with millions of us average men and women. Never before in our history has responsibility been so clearly placed. If we have enough sense and character to conduct our affairs wisely during the months ahead, good times may be indefinitely prolonged.

Government officials and financial leaders have described the situation in the plainest language.

Manufacturers and merchants have been carrying on a large business with prudence. Prices of goods are not high. Excessive stores of commodities have not been accumulated. The old menace to good times has been avoided. Business has used its brains.

Wages have continued high and in most sections employment has been at a high level. There has been money to spend and money to save. Farmers have had large crops and moderately good prices. From the standpoint of production and consumption almost everything is promising.

In consequence of this great national development, prices of securities have been enormously enhanced.

Much of this rise has been of the soundest character.

Stocks have reflected the increased earnings of corporations and millions of people have been enriched.

All this is solid and desirable. But accompanying the actual prosperity based on increased production and consumption is the artificial prosperity built upon gambling in stocks.

"Wall Street" is not to blame for this. Men and women from every walk of life and from every state in the union have caught the fever. Stock gambling has become a great national pastime.

In that fact lies the danger. Speculation has put a heavy strain upon credit. If we do not exercise intelligent self-control the credit structure may be so injured that productive business will be slowed down. Gambling threatens to stop the goose from laying her golden eggs.

The road to safety is plain enough. Buy stocks as you would buy a house or an automobile or a suit of clothes or a peck of potatoes. Measure the price by the value you are offered.

Nobody in the long run is benefited by paying more than an article is worth. It does not matter what form gambling takes: the end is the same

The ownership of stocks by millions of investors is one of the soundest developments of recent years. The entire country has been benefited by the general distribution of the ownership of corporations.

But nobody in the long run is benefited by paying more than an article is worth. It does not matter what form gambling takes: the end is the same. Land, corporate securities, bulbs from Holland, choose any object of hysterical speculation you please or remember, and the final story is the same.

The fair price of a stock is measured by its earning power and not by the manipulative skill of some pool of gamblers.

Invest your earnings with a view to sharing in the growth of the nation but don't buy dreams.

The only permanent rise in security prices is made by increased productiveness of the managers and workers employed. Work alone is the magic which makes prosperity.

The Federal Reserve Board is doing everything its able members can devise to protect business from the harmful effects of stock speculation. The Reserve Board can do much but it cannot protect us from ourselves.

If you want to see prosperity continue, help to make it safe. Work, save, spend, invest, but don't gamble. Buy stocks when you can at rational prices but don't "go whoopee" around the stock ticker.

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Replace old high tension spark plug cables without stripping or soldering.
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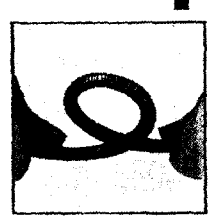
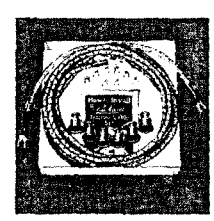
PRICE 3.25
FOR ALL CARS
$2.00 TO $4.75

Foil Corona – *The Power Thief* with this Purple and Gold Package

Lost power in your motor may be caused by "leaky" ignition cable. Such cable leaks current just as an old hose leaks water. Exposed to oil, heat, vibration, and corona (a new condition on high compression motors) your spark plug wires quickly deteriorate.



Corona is just *one* of the things that cause ignition cable to wear out. It is an electrical condition resulting from the high voltages required to fire the spark plug in modern high compression motors. It is a deadly enemy of rubber.



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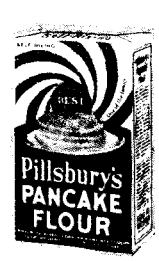
Ernest McGroucher, attempting to back up some rash statements about his kitchen skill, selects a safe and easy dish—Pillsbury's pancakes.

Even a man can produce perfect pancakes in no time with Pillsbury's Pancake Flour. Simply add water or milk and bake—in a few minutes you'll sit down to the finest of all breakfasts. Your grocer has it—tomorrow will be a good day for pancakes!



Pillsbury's Pancake Flour

made of the same pure, high quality ingredients you use in your own kitchen

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